



Fun for the Parlour :

O R,

All Merry Above Stairs.

Consisting of a great and pleasing Variety of

COMIC LECTURES,

Delivered on various OCCASIONS,

By Right Heads, Wrong Heads, Feather Heads, Heavy Heads, Wooden Heads, Brazen Heads, and by some Heads that are of no Use to their Owners.

Many of which were never printed before.

Exhibiting a droll MEDLEY of

Pleasing TALES,
Entertaining STORIES,
Diverting JESTS,
Comical BULS,
Queer PUNS,
Quaint SAYINGS,
Keen WAGGERIES,
Brilliant BON MOTS,
Smart REPORTEES,

Merry ADVENTURES,
Droll NARRATIONS,
Wonderful FROLICS,
Humourous RIDDLES,
Puzzling CONUNDRUMS,
Funny REBUSSES,
Whimsical EPIGRAMS,
WITTICISMS, and
STROKES of HUMOUR;

Entertaining to read, pleasing to hear, powerful in raising the Spirits, cheering the Heart, and brightening the Countenance: And are calculated to render Conversation agreeable, and to pass long Evenings with Wit and Merriment.

To which are added,

Puzzles for the Wits: With their Solutions;

Which makes ye All as Wise as the Author.

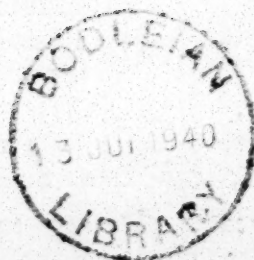
*True Wit is Nature to Advantage dress'd;
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.*

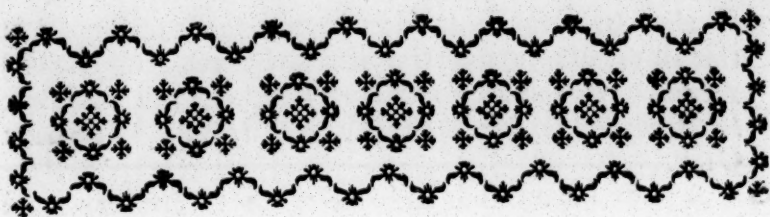
P O P P.

L O N D O N:

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[Price ONE SHILLING.]





COLLECTION
OF
MERRY JESTS, &c.

A noble young Lady coming into
Evening in a
received

ness. A naughty Coquet, piqued at
the Respect with which she was receiv'd by the Com-
pany, said, She wonder'd People had the Assurance
to come into such a polite Assembly dress'd in a *slight*
Silk! The Lady very smartly reply'd, *That a slight*
Silk was preferable to a slight Reputation.

A Gentleman, remarkable for his Humour, went
to the Theatre Royal in the *Hay-Market*, to hear
Mr. STEVENS's Lecture upon Heads. While he
was in high Glee with a very whimsical Part of it, a
tribbling Kind of a Gentleman ask'd him, If the
Heads they saw before them were not made of Wood?

B

Really,

Really, Sir, reply'd the Humourist (a little piqued at the Interruption, and the Simplicity of the Question) I can't say what those Heads on the Table are made of ; but I am certain Mr. Stevens's Head is not a WOODEN ONE.

A poor harmless *Welchman* came to *London* to see his Relations. When he came into *St. Paul's Church-Yard*, he look'd up at the Cathedral with Amazement, and said to some People near him, *Pless hur ! what do they call that !* One of them reply'd, That was *St. Paul's Church*. *'Tis a huge Shurch, inteet !* said he : *Pray was hur put together on the Place where hur stands, or was hur prought Whole out of the Country ?*

A plain Country Yeoman bringing his Daughter to Town, said, *For all she was brought up altogether in the Country, she was a Girl of Sense.* Yes, says a pert young Female in the Company, *Country Sense.* Why, Faith, Madam, says the Fellow, *Country Sense is better sometimes than London Impudence.*

A Mayor of *Yarmouth*, in ancient Times, being by his Office a Justice of the Peace, and one who was willing to dispense the Laws wisely, tho' he could hardly read, got him the Statute-Book, where finding a Law against *firing a Beacon*, or causing any *Beacon* to be fired after Nine of the Clock at Night ; the poor Man read it *frying Bacon*, or causing any *Bacon* to be fry'd ; and accordingly went out the next Night upon the Scent, and being directed by his Nose to the Carrier's House, he found the Man and his Wife both *frying Bacon*, the Husband holding the Pan while the Wife turned it : Being thus caught in the Fact, and having Nothing to say for themselves, his Worship committed them both to Jail, without Bail or Mainprize.

A Girl,

A Collection of Jests, &c. 5

A Girl, bred up in the Country under her Aunt, was sent to *London*, to see the Town, with a strict Charge from the Aunt to write a long Letter, and to be very particular as to the Manner of passing her Time. She had not been long in *London* before the Letter comes; and the Girl tells her Aunt in it, that she had been at the Play with such and such of her Relations; and *there was Doll Davison*. She had been likewise at *Vauxhall*; and *there was Doll Davison*. In short, she had been at many Places of Entertainment; and there were few of them, were there was not this *Doll Davison*.—*Doll Davison!* said the Aunt. *I know no such Person. What does the Girl mean by not telling me who she is?* She speaks of her here as one I must be supposed to know. The old Woman puzzled about it during the rest of her Niece's Absence, but to no Purpose; for she could recollect Nobody of that Name. At length, the Niece being return'd, and coming to explain her Letter, this *Doll Davison* proved to be only a wrong spelling for *dull Diversion*.

A very thrifty Lady spoke to her Butler, to be saving of an excellent Run of Small Beer, and ask'd him how it might best be preserved. *I know of no Method so effectual*, replied the Butler, *as the placing a Barrel of good Ale by it*.

A Gentleman, being very drunk, came to a Friend's House, and told him, he came three Miles on Purpose to sup with him. 'To whom the other answered, *He was greatly obliged to him, since he came so far to see him, before he came to himself*.

One held a Paradox, That wise Men were great Lyars: For, said he, *the old Proverb tells us, That Children and Fools tell Truth*.

A Gentleman talking of his Travels, a Lady in Company said, She had been a great deal farther,

6 *A Collection of Jests, &c.*

and seen more Countries than he. *Nay then, Madam,* replied the Gentleman, *as Travellers, we may lye together by Authority.*

One stealing a Cup out of a Tavern, was laid hold on ; a Gentleman sent his Man to know what was the Matter ; he came and told him, Only a Fellow had a Cup too much. *Pish,* says he, *that's my Fault, and many an honest Man's beside.*

A certain Lady standing by a fat young Gentlewoman, when her Stays were lacing on, took Occasion to joke her upon the Largeness of her Shape: To which the Girl said, *She could only wish it as slender as her Ladyship's Reputation.*

A Traveller relating some of his Adventures, told the Company, that he and his Servant made fifty wild Arabians run ; which startling them, he observ'd, that there was no such great Matter in it : For, says he, we run, and they run after us.

A Gentleman, with whom Mr. Nash was but slightly acquainted, had borrowed a Sum of Money of him at Gaming, and neglected Payment, more from Want of Principle than Necessity ; which, as soon as Nash was inform'd of, he determined to give him a Rub the first Opportunity. It happened, that one Day at Morgan's Coffee-House Mr. Nash was complaining of his having a violent Cold ; when the above Gentleman, who was a Friend to Family Nosstrums, told Mr. Nash he could give him a Receipt that would cure him presently, and very officiously wrote it out, and presented it to him. Nash thank'd him kindly for the Trouble he had taken, and told him he should be glad to return the Favour by giving him a Receipt. The Gentleman eagerly enquired for what ? *For the Money you have been so long indebted to me, Sir,* says Nash. Three

A Collection of Jests, &c. 7

Three Citizens walking in the Fields, one said, *We shall have a great Year of Blackberries; for the last Week, I pluck'd a Handful of the fairest red Blackberries that ever I saw.* A second Person laughed at him, saying, *Red Blackberries is a Bull:* But the third Person, with much Gravity, justified what the former had said, and very sagely asked, *Are not Blackberries always Red, when they are Green?*

A sober good Woman, who was treating with a Maid Servant about Work and Wages, ask'd her, among other Questions, *What Religion she was of?* *A-lack-a-Day, Madam,* said the poor innocent Girl, *I never troubled my Head about that; for Religion, I thought, was only for Gentlefolks.*

One that had a white Head and a black Beard, was ask'd, *How it came to pass?* He answered, *Marry, the Hair of my Head is twenty Years older than my Beard.*

A lighted Candle falling out of a Candlestick; says one that stood by, *You must stick it fast, or it will fall again, for I see it is light-headed.*

A prating Woman having lost her Teeth, asked a Physician the Reason, she being young and healthful: *Why, I can't guess at any other Reason,* says he, *but that your Tongue grates too much against them.*

A Scholar of Cambridge, in the Time of the Assizes, seeing a Boy in the Castle-Yard throwing Stones at the Gallows; *Have a Care, Sirrah,* said he, *you don't hit the Mark.*

A Cockney, seeing a Squirrel play about in a Shop, greatly admir'd it, and said, *Bless me! what pretty Things are made for Money.*

A Countryman seeing a Lady in the Street in a very odd Dress, as he thought, begg'd her to be

8 *A Collection of Jests, &c.*

pleas'd to tell him what she call'd it? The Lady, a little surprized at the Question, call'd him impertinent Fellow. *Nay, I hope, no Offence, Madam, cry'd Hodge; I am a poor Countryman, just going out of Town, and my Wife always expects I shou'd bring her an Account of the newest Fashion, which occasioned my enquiring what you call this that you wear. It is a Sack, said she, in a great Pet. I have heard, reply'd the Countryman (heartily nettled at her Behaviour) of a Pig in a Poke, but never saw a Sow in a Sack before.*

A cowardly Servant having been hunting with his Lord, they had killed a Wild-Boar; the Fellow seeing the Boar stir, betook himself to a Tree; upon which his Master call'd to him, and ask'd him, what he was afraid of, the Boar's Guts were out; *No Matter for that, said he, his Teeth are in.*

Second Thoughts, we commonly say, are best, and young Women, who pretend to be averse to Marriage, desire not to be taken at their Words. One asking a Girl, If she would have him? *Faith, no John, says she, but you may have me, if you will.*

A Traveller coming into the Kitchen of an Inn, in a very cold Night, stood so close to the Fire that he burnt his Boots. An arch Rogue, who sat in the Chimney-Corner, cried out to him, Sir, you'll burn your Spurs presently. *My Boots you mean, I suppose, said the Gentleman. No, Sir, replied the other, they are burnt already.*

A Country Lass with a Pail of Milk on her Head going to Market, was reckoning all the Way, what she might make of it. This Milk, said she, will bring me so much Money, that Money will buy so many Eggs, those Eggs so many Chickens, and, with the Fox's Leave, those Chickens will make me Mistress of a Pig, and that Pig may grow a fat Hog, and
when

when I have sold that, I may buy a Cow and Calf : And then, says she, comes a Sweetheart, perhaps a Farmer ; him I marry, and my Neighbours will say, *How do you do, Goody Such-a-one ?* and I'll answer, *Thank you Neighbour, how do you ?* But may be my Sweetheart may be a Yeoman, and then it will be, *How do you do, Mrs. Such-a-one ?* I'll say, *Thank you.* Oh ! but suppose I should marry a Gentleman ; then they'll say, *Your Servant Madam ;* but then I'll toss up my Head, and say nothing. Upon the sudden Transport of this Thought, and with the Motion of her Head, down came the Milk, which put an End at once to her fine Scheme of her Eggs, her Chickens, her Pig, her Hog, and her Husband.

An *Irishman* having a Looking Glass in his Hand shut his Eyes, and placed it before his Face ; and another asking him, Why he did so ? *Upon my Soul,* says Teague, *it is to see how I look when I am asleep.*

An *Irish* Footman was packing up his Master's Cloaths, and some other Things ; but putting them down all in the Middle, they rose above the Edge of the Trunk, so that he could not shut over the Cover, while the Sides and Corners were almost empty. *Pugh, the Devil hang the Trunk,* said he ; *upon my Shoul I have put more into it than it will hold, and it is not full yet.*

An ill-natur'd old Gentleman ordered his Servant to go a long Way, on a trifling Errand, one rainy Night. The Fellow muttered and grumbled, and wanted to defer the Journey 'till the Morning. *Pox take the Puppy !* says the old Gentleman, *what do you grumble at ! don't I feed you ?* No, replies the Fellow. *Why who does ?* says his Master. *The House-keeper buys the Victuals,* says his Man, *and I feed myself.*

A very

10 *A Collection of Jests, &c.*

A very deserving young Gentleman, who had long endeavour'd, tho' in vain, to get a Place, happen'd to be at an Assembly where the Lady was present, whose Husband had the Disposal of the Place he wanted. At the very Instant the Lady accidentally let a F——t, the Gentleman was standing close by her. By an extraordinary Presence of Mind, he took it upon himself; begg'd Pardon of the Company for the Indecency he had committed, in a very genteel and complaisant Manner, and thereby deliver'd the Lady from the Apprehensions of Shame and Confusion which threaten'd her. Her Ladyship took no Notice to the Gentleman that Evening, tho' she knew him well; having seen him several Times at her House, and was no Stranger to the Business he came about: But, when she went Home, acquainted her Husband with the Affair. His Lordship was charm'd with the Gentleman's Conduct, sent the next Morning to desire to speak with him, and made him a Present of the Place he wanted; saying, at the same Time, *You see, Sir, it is an ill Wind indeed that blows Nobody Good.*

A Gentleman living in *Jamaica* not long ago, had a Wife not of the most agreeable Humour in the World; however, as an indulgent Husband, he had bought her a fine Pad, which soon after gave her a Fall that broke her Neck. Another Gentleman in the same Neighbourhood, blessed likewise with a termagant Spouse, ask'd the Widower if he would sell his Wife's Pad, for he had a great Fancy for it, and he would give him what he would have for it. No, said the other, *I don't care to sell it, for I am not sure that I shan't marry again.*

Most

A Collection of Jests, &c. 11

Most People, says *Addison* in one of his Spectators, are of the Humour of an old Fellow of a College, who, when he was pressed by the Society to come into something, that might redound to the Good of their Successors, grew very peevish. *We are always, says he, doing something for Posterity ; but I would fain see Posterity do something for us.*

A foolish Fellow in *Southwark*, who was nicknam'd *Cocky*, was often employ'd to ride Horses to water at a certain Pond. One Day, as his Horse was drinking in a Part of the Pond, a little beyond which was a deep Hole, *ride him in a little farther*, *Cocky*, said some malicious Boys, that were playing thereabouts ; *ride him in a little farther.*---No, no, said *Cocky* very gravely, who well knew of the Hole, *let him drink this first.*

A Gentleman, who was Son to a Globe and Mathematical-Instrument-Maker, but possessed a large Estate by the Death of a Relation, was so intolerably weak and proud, that he could not bear to hear the least mention made of his Family. He had one Morning behav'd very rudely in a Coffee-House ; upon which a Gentleman complained to *Nash* of him, and said he was not fit to keep Company with Gentlemen, for that he knew nothing of the World. *I am sorry for that, says Nash, I thought the Gentleman had understood the World very well ; I am sure he ought, for his Father has traversed the Globe many a Time, and it is strange that he never accompanied him.*

An extravagant young Fellow, rallying a frugal Country Gentleman, said among other Things, *I'll warrant you those Plate Buttons on your Coat were your Great-Grand-Father's.*—Yes, said the other ; *and I have got my Great-Grand-Father's Lands too.*

A Tinker

12 *A Collection of Jests, &c.*

A Tinker was crying for Work; one ask'd him why he did not stop the two Holes in the Pillory? Says the Tinker, If you'll lend me your Ears, I'll lend you my Hammer and Nails, and give you the Work into the Bargain.

At a Tavern Meeting where Mr. *Nash* was present, the Money usually allotted being expended, and the Company being in a merry Mood, were disposed to stay somewhat longer, a Whip was proposed, which *Nash* undertook to collect; but one of the Company, when applied to, made a great many Words at spending a Trifle extraordinary; and added, Suppose I have not a mind to *whip*, what then? *Why then*, says *Nash*, *you must e'en whip away.*

A young Couple at *Bristol*, who had been out-ask'd, went to Church with some Friends, in order to be married. When they came there, the Parson was not come; but, after waiting some Time, the young Man grew impatient; and said he would go Home and smoke his Pipe, and come again. While he was gone, the Parson and Clerk came; who staying a considerable Time, and the Bridegroom not coming, went away likewise. Upon this the Company went to the Bridegroom, and the Bride ask'd him, What he meant by serving them in that unhandsome Manner? *Why*, says he, *what a Rout here is? I am but one, and methinks ye might very easily have done without me.*

A Braggadocia, chancing, upon an Occasion, to run away full Speed, was ask'd by one, What was become of that Courage he used so much to talk of? *It is got*, said he, *all into my Heels.*

Mr. *Nash* used frequently to relate, with great Glee, the following Story of an ignorant Fellow, who passed

A Collection of Jests, &c. 13

passed among his Acquaintance for a Scholar. He said, as he was crossing *Covent-Garden*, two Men were walking before him in loud and earnest Discourse ; one of whom paid great Compliments to the other on his Learning and Parts, wishing he was as fine a Scholar, and the like ; when happening to cast his Eye on the Motto, which was then on the Dial of the Church of *St. Paul's Covent-Garden*, he ask'd his learned Friend the *English* of that *Latin* Motto. The Words were, *Sic transit Gloria Mundi*. The pretended Scholar not having this Sentence by Rote, as he had many others, was quite at a Loss what *English* to give it ; therefore concealed his Ignorance, by declaring it was not *Latin*. No, says the other, *what Language is it then ?* Why, you Blockhead, answers the Man of Erudition, *what you take for a Latin Motto is no more than the Names of the Church-Wardens at the Time of putting up the Dial*. They are very odd Names, replies the Enquirer. Aye, says the first, *they were Foreigners, you may be sure ; why England was always overrun with Foreigners, and is to this Day*.

A certain Man being to go a Journey, his Friend advised him not to go that Day ; For, I believe, says he, *it will rain*. No Matter for that, says the other, *if it be but dry under Foot*.

A Gentleman in the Country having the Misfortune to have his Wife hang herself on an Apple-Tree, a Neighbour of his came to him, and begged he would give him a Cyon of that Tree, that he might graft it upon one in his own Orchard ; For *who knows*, said he, *but it may bear the same Fruit*.

A Gentleman, who had been out a shooting, brought home a small Bird with him ; and, having an *Irish* Servant, he ask'd him if he had shot that little Bird ?

Yes,

14 *A Collection of Jests, &c.*

Yes, he told him. Arrah, by my Shoul, Honey, reply'd the Irishman, it was not worth Powder and Shot, for the little Thing would have died in the Fall.

A Gentleman, who was involv'd in a Series of Misfortunes, was one Morning taking a melancholy Walk in St. James's-Park. He was ruminating in his Mind the various Distresses his Marriage with a very worthy young Lady, without the Consent of Parents, had thrown them into, and endeavouring to find some Expedient to extricate themselves out of them, but without Success. At length, in a Fit of Despondency, he sat himself down on a Bench; and, after musing some Time, cry'd out, "Gracious Heaven! what "will become of us!" During his Reverie, a tall thin Gentleman, wrapt up in his Scarlet Cloak, unobserv'd by him, had plac'd himself at the other End of the Seat. This Gentleman had, with Concern, remark'd the Disorder of his Mind; and when he had made the above Exclamation, he turn'd to him, and said with great Tenderness, "If, Sir, the Distress you are in arises from any Unhappiness in your "Circumstances, that a Sum of Money can remove, "be assur'd of my Assistance. You seem to be a Gentleman; and, I am convinc'd, something sits heavy "at your Heart. Be free, and let me know as much "of your History as concerns your present Affliction, "and be assur'd I will be your Friend." The kind Manner in which these Words were deliver'd convinc'd the afflicted Person of the Gentleman's Sincerity, and he therefore readily gave him a succinct Account of his Misfortunes. "I am indeed," said he, "a Gentleman by Birth, but my Troubles are "greater than I am able to express. Mr. B——, "of W——, is my Father. A few Years since I
"married

" married a young Lady of Birth and Honour, with-
" out either of us asking the Consent of our Parents.
" This unadvised Step drew on us their Displeasure,
" and they declared they would no longer look upon
" us as their Children. At the Time of our Marri-
" age, I had a Commission in the Army; and, as I
" lov'd the dear Creature more than Life, I exhaust-
" ed what Cash I had by me in procuring her such
" Things as were suitable to her Birth. Some Time
" after our Marriage the Regiment was broke, and I
" was reduc'd to Half-Pay, which render'd me una-
" ble to support her. To encrease my Misfortunes,
" I was bound for One Hundred Pounds for a Per-
" son, for whom I had a very great Regard; and he,
" though he was sensible I was unable to pay his
" Debt, is gone I know not whither. We are now
" in Want even of the Necessaries of Life, and I in
" hourly Expectation of being sent to a Jail, without
" the least Hopes of our Parents releasing me from it.
" Believe me, Sir, it is not on my own Account that
" I am thus distress'd; but the Thoughts that one of
" the most amiable of her Sex should be plung'd into
" Want and Misery, thro' her Tenderness to me,
" makes me the unhappiest Wretch now breathing on
" the Face of the Earth." The Gentleman heard
Mr. B—— with great Attention and Concern; and,
when he had ended, he pull'd out his Purse, and said,
" Take this, Sir, in order to supply any present Oc-
" sion; and about this Time, this Day Week, meet
" me here again. Be so kind, before I leave you, to
" give me your Name, and the Regiment you be-
" long'd to, as it may be in my Power to do you some
" Service." The distress'd Mr. B—— left this
Gentleman with Looks of the utmost Gratitude, and
C hasted

hasted to acquaint his dear *Louisa* with his good Fortune. At the Time appointed he went to the *Park*, where he met his generous Benefactor, who complimented him on the happy Alteration he discover'd in his Countenance. He then told Mr. B——, that he had made an Enquiry into his Character, and had the Pleasure of hearing it represented in a very advantageous Light; and that he had procur'd him a Captain's Commission, belonging to a Regiment in *Ireland*: Adding, "Here, Sir, is your Commission." — And, that you may be able to appear like a Gentleman, and to extricate yourself out of your present Difficulties, favour me with the Acceptance of these," putting Bank-Notes into his Hands to the Value of Three Hundred Pounds. Mr. B—— beheld the Generosity of this Gentleman with Astonishment. He endeavour'd to speak, but wanted Words to express his Gratitude. His kind Benefactor observ'd his Sensibility, rose from the Seat, and was going to leave him: But Mr. B—— caught hold of his Cloak, and begg'd he might know by whom he was deliver'd from the most complicated Afflictions, and restor'd to the Height of human Felicity. The worthy Nobleman, seeing some Persons at a Distance, turn'd round, and said, "Sir, we are observ'd. When you wet your Commission on the other Side of the Water, remember there was such a Man as the D—— of M——.

In a Company of Gentlemen, the Conversation turn'd on the Source of Differences between Man and Man. A Gentleman then present, said, That most of the Contentions that have been in the World were owing to Women. To which another very gallantly reply'd, *There is Nothing else worth contending for.*

Mr.

A Collection of Jests, &c. 17

Mr. Pope, being at Dinner with a noble Duke, had his own Servant in Livery waiting on him. The Duke ask'd, Why he, who eat mostly at other People's Tables, should be such a Fool as to keep a Fellow in Livery only to laugh at him? *'Tis true*, answer'd the Poet, *I keep but one to laugh at me, but your Grace has the Honour to keep a Dozen.*

At a Summer's Banquet of Fruits and Sweet-Meats, a young Gentleman placed himself next to an old Man, who had scarce a Tooth in his Head, but yet the old Man out eat him: Whereupon the Youth, at rising, merrily said, *Mass, Father, of one that is no better shod, than I see you are, you have run very well To-Day.*

A Gentleman in Company complaining that he was very subject to catch Cold in his Feet; another, not over-loaded with Sense, told him, that might be easily prevented, if he would follow his Directions. *I always get*, said he, *a thin Piece of Lead, out of an India Chest, and fit it to my Shoe for this Purpose.* *Then* Sir, says the other, *you are like a Rope-Dance you have Lead at both Ends.*

A Gentleman being in Conversation among formerly Gentlewomen, at last came in a very young one, whereat they all arose to salute her, and he said, *If this Gentlewoman had not come, we had lost the Game for want of a Court-card.*

When the Mother of the late King of Spain was on her Road towards Madrid, she passed through a little Town in Spain, famous for its Manufactory of Gloves and Stockings. The honest Magistrates of the Place thought they could never better express their Joy for the Reception of their new Queen, than by presenting her with a Sample of those Commodities,

for which alone their Town was remarkable. The Major-Domo, who conducted the Queen, receiv'd the Gloves very graciously ; but when the Stockings were presented, he flung them away with great Indignation, and severely reprimanded the Magistrates for this egregious Piece of Indecency. *Know*, says he, *that a Queen of Spain has no Legs*. The young Queen, who at that Time understood the Language but very imperfectly, and had been often frighten'd with Stories of *Spanish Jealousy*, imagined that they were to cut off her Legs. Upon this she fell a crying, and begged them to conduct her to *Germany*; for that she could never endure that Operation : And it was with some Difficulty they could appease her. *Philip V.* is said never in his Life to have laughed heartily, but at the Recital of this Story.

A young Lady who was just come out of the Country, and affected to dress in a very plain Manner, was sitting on a Bench at *Bath* as *Nash* and some of his Companions were passing by ; upon which, turning to one of them, he said, *There's a smart Country Girl, I will have some Discourse with her*. Then going up to the Lady, *So, Child*, says he, *you are just come to Bath, I see*. *Yes, Sir*, answered the Lady. *And you have learn'd a good Girl in the Country, and learned to read your Book, I hope*. *Yes, Sir*. *Pray now*, says he, *let me examine you ; I know you have read your Bible, and the History of Tobit and his Dog : Now can you tell me what was the Dog's Name ?* *Yes, Sir*, says she ; *his Name was Nash, and an impudent Dog he was*.

A Gentleman of *Gascoigne*, who inherited Two Thousand Crowns a Year from his Father, commenc'd Marquis at *Paris*, and, being a gay volatile Genius, soon got the better of his Fortune, and was reduced

reduced to the lowest Ebb of Wretchedness: Yet, in the Midst of it, never lost his Spirit and Courage, or impotently repin'd at what was not to be remedied; but with the small Pittance he had left, purchased a Mule, and turn'd Water-Carrier. Sometime after which, as he was trafficking his Merchandize up and down the Streets, he happen'd to meet two of his old Companions, who would have avoided him for fear of giving him Pain at being caught in such an Equipage. But he prevented them, sprung forward to salute them with his usual Freedom; and, when they seem'd to pity his ill Fortune, briskly interrupted them, by saying, *That he had Forty Thousand Crowns worth of Water in the River Seine, but, for Want of Servants, he was oblig'd to sell it himself.*

One Hoops was apprehended upon Suspicion of Felony, and two very big Men came to bail him. The Justice, being thick of Hearing, ask'd an Officer what they said? Who answered, *Marry, Sir, these Tubs are come for Hoops.*

A Gentleman rallied Nash one Morning in Simpson's Room, and told the Company he had brought his Nephew Bob with him to Bath, who would beat Nash out of the Pit; for he was a great Story-teller. *I don't wonder at that, says Nash, when he came of such a lying Generation.*

Hippisley, the Player, having a large full Wig on which he had not paid for, was told by a Friend of his, that it was a very good one. *Faith, Sir,* said he, with his usual Humour, *I know not how good it may prove in the long Run, but at present it has run me over Head and Ears in Debt.*

An Earl came late at Night to a Gentleman's House, and a fat Capon was serv'd up to his Supper;

20 *A Collection of Jests, &c.*

which the Earl seeing, straight tink'd the Dish with his Knife, to have it set near him: Whereupon the Gentleman, then standing by, said, *Your Honour doth well to take it, for it is a Trump at this Time.*

A Man went to Market one Saturday, and bought a Gander two and twenty Years old. When his Wife went to dress it the next Day, she told him, *It was old in Years. Upon my Credit, Wife, I believe you are mistaken,* said he; *for the Farmer, who is a very honest Man, assured me over and over, it had never laid an Egg.*

Grapes were set before one at the Beginning of Dinner; and he merrily said, *It is not good building upon a round Foundation.*

The Man at the *Black Colt*, near *Baliol College*, having lost his Sign, was asked what was become of his Horse? who sorrowfully answered, *He is run away. Troth,* said the other, *it is no Wonder, for you let him stand Night and Day, without Bridle or Halter.*

A Gentleman who lov'd his Ease, said he readily believ'd it to be true, what he had heard of Persons who have lain so long in Prison, that they have at length become enamoured of Confinement, and have refused to go out of it, tho' the Key has been turned to let them out by the Mercy of their Creditors. *It is parallel to my own Case,* said he, *for tho' I have heretofore been always used to scamper about the Country, I have at present so little of the Loco-motive Temper in me, that I envy Quin's Ease; who, being call'd in the Morning by his Servant, and, upon Enquiry, told by him it was likely to rain the whole Day, turn'd about upon his Pillow, and said——"Call me To-morrow."*

Doctor Cheney once, when Nash was ill, drew up a Prescription for him, which was sent in accordingly.
The

A Collection of Jests, &c. 21

The next Day the Doctor coming to see his Patient, found him up and well ; upon which he asked, If he had followed his Prescription ? *Followed your Prescription !* cried Nash ; No, Egad, if I had, I should have broke my Neck ; for I flung it out of the Two Pair of Stairs Window.

One travelling, on a frosty Morning, through a Country Village, was set upon by a Mastiff. He, stooping for a Stone to throw at him, and feeling it hard frozen to the Earth, said, *A Pox on the Country were the Stones are tied, and Dogs let loose.*

Two Gentlemen, the one named *Woodcock*, the other *Fuller*, walking together, happened to see an Owl ; says the last, *That Bird is very like a Woodcock.* You are wrong, says the other, for it is Fuller in the Head, Fuller in the Eyes, and Fuller all over.

Two young Men were Suiters to a rich Man's Daughter ; the one was rich, the other poor, and he bestowed her upon the poor Suiter. Being ask'd why he did so ? he answered, *Because the poor Batchelor is wise, and may repair his Living in Time ; but the other's a Fool, and like to bring all to nought.*

A Politician, advising a young Gentleman to deal doubly, and dissemble twenty Manner of Faces in the Affair he had in Hand. He answered, *That one good Face is worth twenty bad ones, and a great deal easier to represent.*

An ignorant Clown, who had the Reputation of being a great Scholar in the Country, because he could write and read, coming to London, and enquiring into all the strange Things he saw, at last read on a Sign-Post, *Here are Horses to be lett, 1769.* Bless me, said he, if there are so many Horses in one Inn, how many are there in the whole City ?

A poor

22 *A Collection of Jests, &c.*

A poor Woman in the Country, sent her Son to a Gentleman's House, upon some Errand or other. The loitering Lad staid somewhat too long, looking upon a Dog in the Wheel that turned the Spit; so that when he came Home, his Mother beat him soundly: Execution ended, the Boy told her, If she had been there, she would have staid as long as he; and she demanding the Reason, he said, *Oh, Mother, it would have done you good to have seen how daintily a Dog in a Wheel spun Roast Meat.*

An old Miser, who us'd to grudge himself Victuals, complained that he had almost lost all the Teeth in his Head. A Gentleman that stood by, answered, *That was no great Loss to him, for when he had them he very rarely us'd them.*

Mr. Nash being one Day at a public Entertainment, where a Gentleman was present, who sat several Hours without speaking a Syllable; and, as from the Character of the Person, there was great Reason to suspect that his Silence was owing to a supercilious Contempt of the Company, Nash determined to shew his Resentment the first Opportunity that offered. Accordingly, when Supper was brought in, Mr. Nash was remarkably assiduous in helping the Gentleman to the Best upon the Table, and taking Care to supply his Plate when he saw it near empty. Upon this one of the Company desir'd to know his Reason for this extraordinary Attention to the silent Person. To which Nash replied, *I assure you it is from the Tenderness of my Disposition, for I can't bear to see dumb Creatures want.* This smart Hit occasioned an universal Laugh, and put the Gentleman into some Confusion; however, he carried it off very well, and was good Company the rest of the Night.

A Person

A Collection of Jests, &c. 13

A Person having been put to great Shifts to get Money to support his Credit; some of his Creditors at length sent him Word, that they would give him Trouble. *Pox*, says he, *I have had Trouble enough to borrow the Money, and had not need to be troubled to pay it again.*

Some Gentlemen, belonging to the Theatres in London, were at Dinner at Tavern near *Charing-Cross*. One of them said, at sitting down to Table, *Now I'll eat heartily, that I may get the Wrinkles out of my Face.* On which another merrily reply'd, *You may eat, perhaps, 'till you get the Wrinkles out of your Belly; but you will never get those out of your Face, though you were to eat 'till Doomsday.*

It is a Compliment among the *Persians* to say, upon the Entrance of a Guest, *Your Place was very void.* The Usurper, *Nadir Kouli Kan*, an almost unparalleled Tyrant, caused a magnificent Mausoleum to be built at *Mesched*, for his Reception after Death; upon the Walls of which somebody wrote in very pathetic Terms, *O Nadir, how full of thy Renown is every Corner of the Earth! Thy Name indeed is great; but thy Place here is very void.*

Mr. Hanway, from whom this Account is taken, informs us that the Tyrant often suffer'd those to pass with Impunity, whom he knew to give him no less harsh an Appellation than *Villain*; but towards those who exercised their Wit in keener Satire he was inexorable. Severe Inquisition was made for the Author of this Writing. It was concluded to be the Production of some Man of Letters; and many such were brought to a Trial. To compel them to a Confession, some were whipt to such an Extremity, that they expired under the Lash.

A poor

24 *A Collection of Jest, &c.*

A poor Fellow, who liv'd with the Mayor of a Town in the *West*, and us'd to carry out small Parcels, sweep the Shop, &c. (his Master being a China and Glass Seller) was at length entrusted with a little China and Glass, to sell at the neighbouring Markets on his own Account. One Day, when he had paid for his last Goods, and taking up some more for the next Day's Market, as he was going Home with the Parcel, he met a Friend. They must needs drink together; and he, making too free with the Liquor, drank 'till he had lost the little Sense he had. When he got Home, he unpack'd his Goods, and plac'd them all on a slight Table, in order to reckon the Profits that would arise to him from the Sale of them. "If I have a good Market," says he to himself, "I shall clear Five Shillings by these Goods. Then I'll pay Mr. Mayor, take up more Goods, and keep a Market every Day in the Week. This Method, allowing my Profits at Five Shillings each Market-Day, will produce me Thirty Shillings a Week; and, in a short Time, I shall have a considerable Sum by me. Then," continu'd he, "I'll leave off Travelling, pay Mr. Mayor for his Goods, take a Shop myself, and trade on my own Bottom. When he sees I am in a thriving Way, he'll offer me his Daughter in Marriage: But I'll reject his Offer with Disdain, and let him know that I shall very speedily——be Mayor MYSELF." Very unfortunately for our GREAT MAN, as he spoke the last Words, he gave his Feet a sudden Spring from him; which, pushing the Table with great Violence, down went all the China, Glasses, &c. and he, who the Moment before had rejected the Mayor's Daughter with Indignation, and in Imagination was Mayor himself,

A Collection of Jests, &c. 25

himself, was under terrible Apprehensions of being shewn the Inside of a Jail, for being unable to pay for the Goods he had taken on Credit, from the Profits of which he had rais'd all these Chimeras in his Brain.

An *Irishman* was asked, Whether he, or his Brother, was oldest? *I am oldest*, said he; *but if my Brother lives three Years longer, we shall be both of an Age.*

A Gentleman walking with a Lady in each Hand, told them, that by his Skill in *Palmestry* he could tell them their Fortunes. One of the Ladies, to whom he was particularly devoted, then reach'd forth her Hand, to see what Judgment he would give upon it: Who, after he had view'd it a good while, said unto her, *In Truth, Madam, all my Fortune lies in your Hands.*

There is a Town in the Duke of *Wirtemburgh's* Dominions, where the Inhabitants are remarkable for making Blunders. The Church, in this Town, happen'd to stand pretty near the Road. An arch Wag advis'd some of the strongest Men in the Parish to push it a little farther off; telling them, He would stand by, and let them know when they had mov'd it far enough. *But how shall we know*, said they, *whether it moves, or not?* *Why*, reply'd he, *lay all your Cloaks behind the Church, as far as you would have it mov'd to, and when it comes to them I'll give you Notice.* They did so; and, while they were pushing, he order'd his Servant to take the Cloaks privately away. Which being done, he cry'd out hastily, *Hold! hold! hold! what are ye at! Have you a Mind to overturn the Building!* Upon which they left pushing, and enquir'd what was the Matter? *Matter!*

16 *A Collection of Jest, &c.*

ter! said he, *why come and see what you have done; instead of pushing it to your Cloaks, you have push'd it over them!* When they were come to the other Side of the Church, and saw none of their Cloaks, they were all Amazement. At length one of the Wiseacres, scratching his Head, said very gravely, *Neighbours, who'd have thought we had push'd it so far!*

Some humorous Scholars, having been out on a Frolick, had rambled about 'till they had lost their Way: At length they had the good Fortune to espy a Light, which they made up to as fast as they could, and it appear'd to be at a little lone Farm House. They knock'd at the Door; and, on the Farmer's Wife's opening it, entreated her to let them lie there that Night: Telling her they were Gentlemen, and had lost their Way. She told them all the Family was in Bed, except herself and her Husband, who was gone to sell Cattle at a Fair; and therefore she had no Place to lodge them in, unless they would lie upon some clean Straw in an Out-House. They told her that would do very well, and retir'd to their Lodging, well pleas'd they had got under Shelter. They had not long been there, before they found their Apartment was separated from the Farmer's Par-lour only by a slight Partition; and they could hear their Hostess bustling about, as tho' something extraordinary was going forward. In a little Time they heard Somebody knock at the Door, and the Farmer's Wife open it with great Expedition: They had therefore the Curiosity to cut a Hole in the Partition, in order to see whether the Farmer was come Home. They soon saw a Person in Black enter, who had the Appearance of a Gentleman; and the Table spread with Fowls, Mince-Pies, Wine, &c. of which, after
some

some Ceremony, they regaled on very heartily. Just as they had finish'd their Supper, they were surpriz'd by a knocking at the Door. They seem'd in the utmost Confusion, and the Provisions, &c. was cup-boarded in a Trice; but the Farmer's Wife appear'd to be at a Loss what she should do with her Gallant. Fearing it might be her Husband return sooner than she expected, she advis'd him to get into the Copper; and, if it should be her Husband, she told him, she would come and release him, as soon as she had got the good Man to Bed. She then set Bottles, Crockery, &c. on the Lid, to avoid Suspicion. Every Thing being dispos'd of in a proper Manner, their Hostess let the Farmer in; who ask'd her, why she kept him so long at the Door? Adding, "Wounds, Wife, what hast got for Supper? for I am plaguy hungry." "Bless me! *John*," says she, "I did not imagine you would come home To-night, so have got nothing but Bread and Cheese: Besides, I have been flur-ry'd a good deal. Here has been three Gentlemen, who had lost their Way, to beg for Lodging; and I have put them into the Out-House, to lie on the Straw, because you know all our Beds are full." "Gentlemen!" reply'd the good Farmer, "and lie on Straw! For Shame, Wife! I will go this Minute, and invite them in: They shall lie in our Bed, and we will shift in the best Manner we can." The Farmer went immediately, brought them into the Parlour, and discover'd his kind Intention of providing them with a better Lodging. He then told them he was sorry he had nothing but Bread and Cheese for their Supper; but, had he known of their coming, he would have provided something more substantial. One of the Scholars reply'd, that he

28 *A Collection of Jests, &c.*

was a Master of the Black Art ; and, as he had receiv'd them with so much Hospitality, he would provide a good Supper for their Entertainment. He then whirl'd about a Switch he had in his Hand, and mutter'd a few unintelligible Words ; after which he bid the Farmer go to such a Cupboard, and he would find Provisions sufficient for the whole Company. The Farmer went ; and, to his great Surprise, found Plenty of delicious Food, which the Scholar desir'd he would bring to the Table. " Now, " Farmer," says the Scholar, " as we are determin'd " to have a merry Night of it, go to such a Cupboard and you will find Wine." The Farmer, though greatly astonish'd, went ; and brought two or three Bottles, which he set on the Table. " Come, " Hostess," says the Scholar, " don't be afraid ; I'll " warrant you, all shall go well. But lest you, or our " good Host, should be afraid to eat and drink, we " will fall to first." In short, without farther Ceremony, they help'd themselves ; and the Farmer, being very hungry, and seeing Plenty of good Victuals before him, followed their Example ; but his Wife, though greatly importun'd, eat but sparingly, which the Scholars could easily account for. When they had all supp'd, and the Glass was going chearfully round, " Now, Farmer," says the Scholar, " if you " never saw the D——l, I will raise him." " Bless " you ! Gentlemen," says the Farmer, " be merry " and wise." " Fear not, Farmer," says the Scholar, " he shall do you no Harm : Get a good " Cudgel in your Hand, then open the Door, and if " he offers you the least Violence, knock him down ; " but, I'll warrant you, he'll make his Escape fast " enough." As soon as the Scholar had said these Words,

Words, he got a Bundle of Straw and thrust into the Copper-Hole, the Scholars all assuring the Hostess (who seem'd greatly alarm'd on Account of her Gallant) that no Person should receive the least Hurt. "Now," says the Scholar, "we must make a Circle; and I will just put a Candle to the Straw in the Copper-Hole, and you shall see the D—I rise up in the Copper." "Bless you! Gentlemen," cries the Farmer, "be merry and wise." "Fear nothing, I charge you," says the Scholar, "for I do this only for a little Diversion." So taking a lighted Candle, he set Fire to the Straw; and, in a little Time, off went the Lid of the Copper, and all the Bottles and Crockery came rattling about the Floor. "Oh! Bless you! Gentlemen," cries the Farmer, "be merry and wise." "I tell you, fear nothing," says the Scholar. At these Words a tall Man in Blach rises up in the Copper (which by this Time began to be pretty hot) and leap'd out of it into the Room, and ran out at the Door with surprizing Swiftness. The Farmer and his Wife were terribly frighten'd, though from different Causes, and the Scholars highly delighted with the Adventure. However, after some Time, and the Scholars assuring them that the Charm was at an End, they passed the Remainder of the Night very merrily together; and, at parting, rewarded their Host for the kind Reception they had met with, and left a private Admonition with his Wife, "To beware of such Sort of Intrigues for the future."

A Fellow hearing one say, according to the *Italian Proverb*, *That three Women make a Market with their chatting*; Nay, then, said he, *add my Wife to them, and they will make a Fair.*

30 *A Collection of Jests, &c.*

A Gentleman and some Farmers were making merry at an Inn, in a Town in *Buckinghamshire*, and a Man was crying his Earthen-Ware by the Door. The Gentleman hearing him, said to the Company, *That's a very odd Fellow, who cries Earthen-Ware; he has got Eyes in his A——. Eyes in his A——!* said the Company. *Aye*, said the Gentleman, *I'll lay any Person here a Couple of Bottles of Wine on it.* Done, said a Farmer; *now how will you prove it?* *Very easily*, reply'd the Gentleman. He then rung the Bell, and order'd the Waiter to call the Earthen-Ware Man. When he came, *Come, Friend*, said the Gentleman, *drink a Glass of Punch.* Having drank it, says the Gentleman, *Honest Friend, what is your Earthen-Ware carried upon?* The Fellow (who had Humour in him) very bluntly reply'd, *On my A——.* And pray, said the Gentleman, *is it blind?* *Blind!* no, reply'd the Fellow; *he has got two as good Eyes as I have.* Then, my Friends, said the Gentleman to the Company, *you find this Man, by his own Confession, has got Eyes in his A——.* *Aye*, reply'd the Fellow, laughing, *that's what I have, my Masters; and if any of you doubt it, it is but pushing up the Sash, and you may convince yourselves, for he stands now at the Door.* Well, Farmer, says the Gentleman, *you see you have lost the Wager; but to show you that I won't take any Advantage of you, it shall be your Bottle and mine.* And, honest Friend, said he to the Earthen-Ware Man, *to make you some Amends for the Trouble I have given you, do you leave three Quart and three Pint Mugs at my House, and take the Money for them.* The Man thank'd him, and went about his Business; and the Farmer, after scratching and shaking his Noddle a little, drawl'd out, *Ha! Sir, you're a Tartar!*

A frolicksome

A Collection of Jests, &c. 31

A frolicksome Buck having been once a little kick'd for his Impertinence, demanded of his Benefactor, with a bluff Face, Whether he was in earnest, or not? Yes, Faith, said the other, in very good earnest, laying his Hand on his Sword.—*Say you so*, replied he, *I'm glad of that with all my Heart*, for I don't like such Jests.

One seeing his Son in Mischief, cried out, *Sirrah, did you ever see me do so, when I was a Boy?*

A Gentleman, meeting with his Godson, ask'd him whither he was going? *To School*, replies the Boy. *That's well*, said he, *there's Six-pence for you, follow thy Learning apace: I may live to hear thee preach my Funeral Sermon.*

During the Jubilee at Stratford it was, in general, wet Weather. A Gentleman therefore ask'd a Countryman, What he would have for the Use of a Great Coat? The Fellow reply'd, *Half a Guinea*. The Gentleman then ask'd, What he would sell it totally for? The Countryman answer'd, *you shall have it out and out for Seven Shillings and Six-pence.*

A French Gentleman presenting a young Marquis, named *De Tierceville*, to a Lady of his Acquaintance. *Madam*, said he, *this is the Marquis De Tierceville; and he is not so great a Fool as he looks to be*—*Madam*, replied *Tierceville*, *there lies the Difference between him and me.*

An Irish Gentleman, who was at the Stratford Jubilee, being wak'd by the Serenade, put his Head out of a Post-chaise, and declar'd it was extremely hard they would not let People rest in their Beds. *I could not get a Lodging*, says he, *in all the Town, and so I took up with the First Floor of this Post-Chaise; but the Devil a Wink of Sleep I got, 'till you waked me.*

The same Gentleman, hearing the celebrated Ballad of *Warwickshire Will* sung, listen'd to it with some Attention. On the Singers going off with the Chorus, *Warwickshire Thief*, &c. he sagaciously remark'd, *That he believ'd they were all Thieves.*

A Farmer's Wife taking up Dinner once on a Sunday, it happened that the liquorish Plough-Boy, who lay under a strong and violent Temptation, pinch'd off the Corner of a Plumb Dumpling; which his Dame espying, in a great Rage, laid the Wooden Ladle over his Pate, saying, *Can't you stay, Sirrah, 'till your Betters are served before you?* The Boy clapping his Hand on his Head, and seeing the Blood come, 'tis very hard, said he. *So it is Sirrah,* said she, *or it had not broke my Ladle.*

A Gentleman, not remarkable for Oeconomy, was rallying a Miser on his Avarice. *For my Part,* says he, *I know no Difference between a Shilling and a Sixpence; for, when one is changed, 'tis gone: and so is the other.*—My old Friend, replied old Lovegold, you may not know the Difference between a Shilling and a Sixpence now: But, believe me, you will, if ever you come to be worth Eighteen-Pence.

An old Gentleman ask'd a young one, What was the Name of his Sweetheart? He answered, *Maudlin.* I do not like her Name, says the old Gentleman. Sir, replies the other, *there was no Thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.*

An Irish fellow, vaunting of his Birth and Family, affirmed, That when he came first to *England*, he made such a Figure, that the Bells rang through all the Towns he pass'd to *London*: Aye, said a Gentleman in Company, *I suppose that was because you came up in a Waggon with a Bell-Team.*

A Quaker

A Collection of Jests, &c. 33

A Quaker was going to visit some of his Friends and Brethren ; and, as he was going, he met with a Misfortune. However, he trudg'd on ; and, when he met them, he said, *Friends and Brethren, there are some Things that I know, and ye know not ; and there are some Things that ye know, and I know not ; and there are some Things that neither you or I know not. As I was coming to see ye, in crossing a Stile, I tore my Breeches ; this I knew, and ye knew not : What ye will give me towards paying for mending of them, that ye know, and I know not : And what the Knave of a Taylor will have for mending them, that neither you or I know not.*

A Sharper of the Town, seeing a Country Gentleman sit alone at an Inn, and thinking something might be made of him, he went and sat near him, and took the Liberty to drink to him. Having thus introduced himself, he called for a Paper of Tobacco, and said, Do you smoke, Sir ? *Yes*, says the Gentleman, very gravely, *any one that has a Design upon me.*

A certain Smart, attempting to exercise his Wit on Mr. F——te, at the Stratford Jubilee, the latter ask'd, From what Part of the Kingdom so poignant a Genius came ? *From Essex*, reply'd the Buck. *Did you so ? Then, pray, who drove you hither ?*

Harry the Fourth of France asked a Lady of his Court, which was the Way to her Bed-Chamber ? *Sir*, said she, *the only Way to my Bed-Chamber it through the Church.*

A rich Farmer's Son, who had been bred at the University, coming Home to visit his Father and Mother, they being one Night at Supper on a Couple of Fowls, he told them, that by *Logic* and *Arithmetic*, he could prove those two Fowls to be three. Well, let us hear, said the old Man. Why this, cried the Scholar,

34 *A Collection of Jests, &c.*

Scholar, *is one*; and this, continued he, *is two*; two and one, you know, make *three*. Since you have made it out so well, answered the old Man, *your Mother shall have the First Fowl. I will have the Second, and the Third you may keep yourself for your great Learning.*

One Evening a Watchmaker, being in Company with some Gentlemen at a Tavern, the Conversation turn'd on the Regularity of Time; which the Watchmaker discours'd on in a very copious and learned Manner. When he had done, a merry Gentleman reply'd, That he must beg to be excus'd from being of his Opinion; for he thought Time was so far from being regular, that he travels in divers Paces with various Persons. Being desir'd to explain himself; he said, *Time ambles with some, trots with others, gallops with many, and with some it stands still.* For, continu'd he, *Time ambles with a rich Man, that hath not got the Gout; for he lives merrily, because he feels no Pain. Time trots hard with a young Maid, between the Contract of her Marriage and the Day it is solemnized; for if the Interim be but a Week, Time's Pace is so hard that it seems the Length of seven Years. Time gallops with a Thief to the Gallows; for tho' he goes as softly as Foot can fall, yet he thinks himself too soon there. Time stands still with those that sleep, for then they perceive not how Time moves.*

A Gentleman, who was at the Stratford Jubilee, ask'd a Country Fellow, when the Procession was to begin? The Fellow reply'd, *The Pagans are passed by; and the Gentlesfolks are all gone to see the Jubelo finish'd in the Round-House.*

A Countryman, hearing the Post-Boy had been lately robb'd, and having Occasion to send a Bank-Nore for Fifty Pounds to London, was advis'd to cut it into

two Parts. This he did ; but, instead of sending them by the Post at different Times, he put them into two Letters, and sent them both by the same Post, directed to the same Person ; acquainting his Correspondent, in both his Letters, That he cut the Note into Two Parts, *for fear the Mail should be robb'd.*

A *French Nobleman*, who had taken a *Mistress* from the Dregs of the People, conversing with some of his Equals, mentioned his having had his Pockets pick'd some Time before in the Streets of *Paris*. *As to my Money*, added he, *I don't regard it : But I lost some Letters from my Mistress, which gives me a great deal of Concern.* Indeed, said another, *you have Reason to be uneasy at that, because it is to be feared the Pick-pockets may know the Hand.*

A certain Priest in a rich Abby in *Florence*, being a Fisherman's Son, caused a Net to be spread every Day, on a Table in his Apartment, to put him in Mind of his Original. The Abbot dying, this disssembled Humility procured him to be chosen Abbot ; after which, the Net was used no more. Being ask'd the Reason, he answered, *There is no Occasion for the Net, now the Fish is caught.*

A *Welshman* and an *Englishman* vapouring one Day at the Fruitfulness of their Countries, the *Englishman* said, There was a Close near the Town where he was born, which was so very fertile, that if a *Kibos* was thrown in over Night, it would be so covered with Grass, that it should be difficult to find it the next Day. *Splut*, says the *Welshman*, *what's that ? There's a Close where hur was born, where you may put your Horse in over Night, and not be able to find him next Morning.*

A Man

36 *A Collection of Jest, &c.*

A Man living very recluse, Somebody wrote over his Door, *Here lies such-a one*; as though his House had been his Tomb.

A Person, for his own Diversion, playing the Part of *Scrub* in the *Stratagem*. perform'd it very badly; on which a Friend observed to him, That he wonder'd how he could possibly be out in the Character. *How so?* says he. *Because*, reply'd the other, *you play it every Day.*

A Ship being in a violent Storm, among others on Board was a poor *Irishman*; who, hearing one of his Fellow Passengers most piteously bemoaning, and desiring every Body to kneel down to Prayers, for the Vessel was just sinking. *Arrah*, says Paddy, *if I live 'till I die, which I don't know whether I shall or not, I don't despair of seeing myself safely buried in Cork Church-Yard for all this.*

A certain Fop was boasting in Company, that he had every *Sense* in Perfection: No, said one who was by, *there is one you are entirely without, and that is Common Sense.*

An *Irish Lawyer* of the *Temple*, having Occasion to go to Dinner, left the Directions in his Key-hole. *Gone to the Elephant and Castle, where you shall find me; and if you can't read this, carry it to the Stationer's, and he shall read it for you.*

A Fidler, that was blind, came to speak with a Gentleman that was a great Benefactor to him. The Gentleman's Servant ran hastily to his Master, saying, *Sir, the old blind Fidler is come to see you.*

An *Irishman* getting on a high mettled Horse, it ran away with him; upon which, one of his Companions call'd to him to stop him: *Arrah, Honey*, cried he, *how can I do that, when I have got no Spurs.*

A Gentleman,

A Gentleman, who went to *Stratford-upon-Avon* to see the Jubilee, call'd to the Ostler of the Inn where he put up, to bring him his Boots. *They lie all of a Heap in the Stable*, says the Fellow, *and you may go and chuse those you likes best.* Upon the Gentleman's assuring him, his Boots were New Ones; the Ostler reply'd, *Oh! lack-a-day, Sir, all the New Ones ha' been gon this Half Hour; first come, first serve, you know.*

A poor silly Fellow bid his Master's Cook give him some Victuals, for he was very hungry. The Maid being busy, told him there was a Leg of Beef just come from the Baker's in the Closet, he might go and eat some of that. The Fellow went; and, having a surprizing Appetite, eat it all. Some Time after, going to take a Bit of the Beef out of the Pan for her Master's Supper, and finding he had left only the Bones, she roar'd out, *Oh! you confounded Dog! how could you eat up the whole Leg of Beef! You may thank yourself for that*, said the silly Fellow; *you gave me no Candle, and how could I see when my Belly was full.*

A Person of Quality coming into a Church to the Place where several of his Ancestors were buried, after he had said much in their Commendation, and praised them for worthy Men: *Well*, said he, *I am resolv'd, if I live, to be buried as near them as possible.*

An Irish Gentleman, who was at an Inn at *Stratford-upon-Avon*, during the late Jubilee, seeing every Thing in the House in a Hurry and Confusion, said, *I will go and take a little hot Punch, and then steal a Nap for Nothing.*

A Gentleman, who was remarkable for Absence of Mind, went one Evening to visit some Friends.
He

38 *A Collection of Jests, &c.*

He pass'd the Time with them very agreeably 'till Supper was just ready, and then (though much importun'd to sup with them) took his Leave. He insisted, at his Departure, that no Person should move from his Seat, as he perfectly knew the House; and, pulling the Dining-Room Door after him, walk'd very orderly up into the Laundry, where two Maids were ironing. The Girls, surpriz'd to see a Gentleman come there, ask'd, in some Confusion, what he would please to have? "Bless me!" reply'd the Gentleman, "I believe I have been guilty of a Mistake! I was looking for the Street-Door." "The Street-Door!" says one of the Girls, who by this Time had recollected who the Gentleman was; "The Street-Door, Sir, is two Pair of Stairs lower; and, if you will give me Leave, I will shew you the Way." So taking a Candle, she light him down Stairs, open'd the Door, and wish'd him well Home. "Thank you, Sir," reply'd the Gentleman, "I wish you a good MORNING."

The same Gentleman had made his Addressee to a Lady for a considerable Time. At length, every Thing was settled for their Marriage, and the Ceremony was to be perform'd at her Father's House the next Evening: But the next Morning, forgetting the Time appointed for the Wedding, made one in a Party of Pleasure, and went to *Richmond*. When Dinner was over, the Company call'd for the Bill; but, upon our Gentleman's going to pay his Share of the Reckoning, he found he had left his Purse behind him. The Company, knowing his frequent Absence of Mind, desired he would not be uneasy at the Accident, and paid for him. He therefore insisted, in order to make some Atonement for his Forgetfulness, that

that the Company should sup with him that Evening, and he would go Home directly and give Orders for their Entertainment. The Company consented, and he left them; but, being anxious to get Home to order Supper, unluckily forgot his Horse, and walk'd to *London* in his Boots and Spurs. Before he got to his House the Father of the Lady had been there, to know if he would be with them at Tea. Being inform'd of this, he recollected the Time appointed for his being married to the Gentleman's Daughter. He therefore dress'd immediately, and went out, with an Intention to apologize for his seeming Neglect, and to marry the Lady. While he was gone, the Company he had left at *Richmond* came to Supper, according to Appointment: But they were told by the Gentleman's Servant, that his Master was gone out, and would not be at Home that Night; at which they laughed heartily, and went away in very good Humour. Soon after the Lady's Father sent to his intended Son-in-Law's to know what Accident detain'd him, and to acquaint him that every Thing was ready for the Ceremony. The Servant assured the Messenger, that his Master had dressed himself very gaily that Evening; and, he imagin'd, was then with the Lady. Some Time after the Servant came again, but could receive no farther Intelligence. In short, as our Gentleman was going to make his Apology to his intended Bride and her Father, he met one of his particular Friends; and, forgetting the whole Affair, went with him to a Tavern, supp'd there, and did not return Home 'till Two o'Clock the next Morning. The Lady and her Father were so offended at his Behaviour, that the Match was broke off, to her great Satisfaction; and

she was permitted to marry a Gentleman, for whom she had long had a secret Inclination.

When *Flanders* was subject to the Crown of *Spain*, a *Flemish* Tyler, one Day, falling from the Top of a House upon a *Spaniard*, kill'd him, tho' he escaped himself. The *Spaniard's* nearest Kinsman prosecuted his Death with great Violence; and nothing would serve him, but the Law of Retaliation. *If you insist upon that*, said the Judge, *you must go to the Top of the same House and fall down upon the Tyler.*

Mr. *Nash* once overtook on the Road an extravagant young Gentleman, who had, a little before, borrow'd a few Guineas of him at the Gaming-Table; when *Nash* putting him in Mind of it, he promised to pay him some of the Money before they parted. As they were jogging on their Journey, they chanced to pass by a Pound, when the young Gentleman taking a Shilling out of his Pocket, chucked it into the Pound; *There*, *Nash*, says he, *there's One Pound One of your Money.* To which *Nash* severely reply'd, *I can make no more of it, Sir, than a Shilling in the Pound; which I suppose it the Way you intend to pay all your Debts.*

An Oxford Scholar, who piqued himself upon being a Wag, was accosted upon the Road to *London*, by a Person who ask'd him, which was the nearest Way to *Tyburn*. *Why*, replied the Oxonian, *the shortest Way you can take, is to stop the first Person you meet, and demand his Money.* Are you sure of that? replied the Traveller, then (drawing a Pistol out of his Pocket) *as I am for Expedition, your Money this instant.* The Wag submitted to his Demand, and paid six Guineas for his Joke.

A Country Fellow, being admitted to a Gentleman's Table, fell upon the Artichoaks at the lower End;
but

A Collection of Jests, &c. 41

but not knowing what of them should be eaten, and what nor, takes a Mouthful of the Burs, which almost choaked him: One who sat next him said, *Friend, that Dish is reserv'd for the last.* Truly, answer'd he (as well as he could) *I am of your Mind; for I think it will be my last.*

In the Time of the Civil Wars of *France*, a certain *Hugonot* Lord, of cruel Disposition, put several of his Prisoners to Death, by obliging them to jump down from the Top of a high Tower. A Soldier, whom he had condemned to die in this Manner, having advanced twice to the Brink of the Tower, and drawn back as often, the Nobleman in great Fury, swore that, if he did not go down the third Time of his advancing, he should be put to a still much crueller Death. *Why, Sir,* said the Soldier, *as easy a Matter as you may think it. I'll hold you a Wager that you don't do it even in four Times.* This pleasant Reply saved his Life.

Quin having a Present of a fine Haunch of Venison made him, and meeting with Lord C—— and the Earl of B—— in the Pump-Room, he asked their Lordships, *If they were engaged?* saying, *that if they were not, he should be extremely happy in having the Honour of their Company to dine with him upon a Haunch of Venison, which would be just enough for three.* Their Lordships accepted of the Invitation, and promised to be with *Quin* precisely at Three. Upon *Quin's* Departure to make the necessary Preparations for his noble Guests, they consulted together how they might improve the Mirth of the Repast; when Lord C—— recollecting that Col. M——, the greatest Devourer of Venison then in *England*, was at this very Juncture at *Bath*, he was told of the Invitation

E 2

they

42 *A Collection of Jest, &c.*

they had received, and desired to prepare himself for the Occasion. He accordingly came to *Quin's* a Quarter before Three, booted and spurred, as if just arrived from *London*; and knocking at the Door, enquired if Mr. *Quin* was at Home. The Servant, who had received particular Injunctions to admit no one but the two Noblemen, answer'd him, *No—that his Master dined out.* The Colonel then enquired if Lord C—— was there; which his Lordship overhearing, run out, saying, he must speak to the Colonel. This highly disconcerted *Quin*, who was under great Apprehensions of an additional Guest. His Lordship, after a short Conference, return'd for his Hat, saying, *He was extremely sorry to disappoint Mr. Quin; but that he was obliged to dine with the Colonel; and that he could not possibly think of intruding him there, as he had apprized them of the Smallness of the Haunch.* *Quin*, being thus forced into a Compliment, asked Pardon of the Colonel for the Servant's Behaviour, as he did not know him, and begged he would stay and eat a Bit of Venison with him; adding, he believed there would be enough for four. The Colonel did not require much Invitation; and the smoaking Haunch being soon usher'd in, Mr. *Quin*, after paying the Respect due to their Lordships, helped the Colonel very plentifully. *Quin* had scarce prepared his Sauce ere the Colonel's Plate was empty; and, without further Ceremony, he helped himself to about a Pound and an Half, with Fat in Proportion. *Quin* began to stare, but said Nothing; very justly suspecting there was no Time to lose in talking. The Colonel presently dispatch'd his second Cargo; and having laid in another, it vanish'd as speedily. Their Lordships had finish'd eating, whilst *Quin* was sweating and eating

eating, and eating and sweating, as well through Labour, as fear that he should be completely distanced. However he still bridled his Remonstrances, 'till the Colonel having cleared his seventh Plate, and making the eighth Attack, observed, *That it was fine Venison—the Fat was excellent—that it was in high Perfection—and that there was cut and come again.* Quin could now hold out no longer; but pulling the Dish from him, cried out with no small Emphasis, *You may cut, but I'll be d—n'd if you come again.*

An Irishman, who had been to see the Jubilee at Stratford-upon-Avon, was ask'd, on his Return to London, how he lik'd the Town, and what he saw there? Arrah, Honey, reply'd he, *I fell asleep, when I should have been awake; so could not see any Thing at all. And as to the Town, it is the vilest Place in the World; for I could get Nothing to eat, and was forc'd to pay double for that too.*

It was ingeniously said by Antonio Perez, a disgraced Favourite of a King of Spain, *That the Blows of Fortune are more sensible for the Bruises that appear, than for the Pain they create.*

Mr. Nash used to tell of an old miserly Gentleman of his Acquaintance in the Country, who had Occasion once to send his Maid with a Letter to the Post-Office (which was two Miles from his House) on a very rainy Day, when the Girl, to save herself from being wet, offered a Lad in the Neighbourhood a Groat, Six-pence, and at last a Shilling, to carry it; which the old Miser overhearing, *Well, Betty, says he, since you can get no Body to go, give me the Shilling, and I will go myself;* which he accordingly did.

Three or four Gentlemen, walking toward Hampstead, on a Summer's Day, were met by an old Acquaintance,

44 *A Collection of Jest, &c.*

quaintance, who was very importunate with them to know upon what Account they were going thither. One of them merrily answered him, *To make Hay.* Very well, replied the other, *you'll be there at a very convenient Season, the Country wants Rakes.*

It was finely answered by *Socrates*, when called upon by his Judges to make his Defence, *I have been doing Nothing else all my Life.*

One Night a drunken Fellow jostled against a Post; but the Fellow thought somebody had jostled him, and fell a beating the Post 'till his Fingers were broken. Says one to him, *Fie! what makes you fight with a Post?* Says he, *Why did he not blow his Horn then?*

When *Vespasian* in his last Illness was advised by his Physician to favour himself and apply less to Business, *An Emperor*, replied he, *ought to die standing.*

A Gentleman, telling a Lady that a certain Apothecary of her Acquaintance was broke, and oblig'd to shut up Shop; she enquired the Cause. To which the Gentleman replied, he was so honest a Man, that instead of loading his Patients with Medicines, as is too common a Practice, he advised them to take the wholesome Air, and of Course lost the Profit arising from the Sale of his Drugs. *Poor Man!* says she, *it is plain he could not live by the Air, though his Patients could.*

It is certainly the most transcendent Pleasure to be agreeably surpriz'd with the Confession of Love, from an ador'd Mistress. A young Gentleman, after a very great Misfortune, came to his Mistress, and told her, he was reduced even to the Want of Five Guineas. To which she replied, *I am glad of it, with all my Heart.* *Are you so, Madam?* adds he, suspecting her
her

A Collection of Jests, &c. 45

her Constancy : *Pray, why so? Because, said she, I can furnish you with Five Thousand.*

In a Visit Queen Elizabeth made to the famous Lord Chancellor Bacon, at a small Country-Seat, which he had built for himself before his Preferment ; she ask'd him, *How it came that he had made himself so small a House? It is not I, Madam, answered he, who have made my House too small for myself; but your Majesty, who have made me too big for my House.*

Some Thieves meet a Man, robb'd him, and bound him in a Wood. A little after they meet with another, bound him also and laid him on the other Side of the Hedge. Soon after one of them cry'd out, *I am undone! I am undone!* The other, hearing him say so, pray'd him that he would come and undo him too.

A young Fellow who had made an End of all he had, even to his last Suit of Cloaths ; one said to him, Now, I hope, you'll own yourself a happy Man, for you have made an End of all your Cares. How so, said the Gentleman? *Because, said the other, you have nothing left to take Care of.*

Nash and a Friend of his being about to go a Journey on a Party of Pleasure, the Gentleman proposed going in a Post-Chaise ; but Nash was for riding on Horseback. On this the former declared very seriously, That if he had his Choice, whether to go forty Miles on Horseback, or to be set in the Stocks in the most public Place in Bath, he would rather chuse to be set in the Stocks. Why so? enquired Nash ; Because, says the Gentleman, I should be so terribly gall'd. To which Nash replied, *Faith, it would gall me much more to be set in the Stocks, I can tell you.*

One

46 *A Collection of Jest, &c.*

One was asking another, How such a Person liv'd in these hard Times? To which the other answered, *By his Wits. I wonder,* says the other, *how he can live upon so small a Stock.*

A Gentleman who had been a great Traveller, would oftentimes talk so extravagantly of the wonderful Things he had seen Abroad, that a Friend of his took Notice to him of his exposing himself as he did to all Companies, and ask'd him the Meaning of it? Why, says the Traveller, I have got such a Habit of Lying since I have been Abroad, that I really hardly know when I lye, and when I speak Truth; and should be very much oblig'd to you, if you would tread upon my Toe at any Time, when I am likely to give myself too much Liberty that Way. His Friend promised he would; and accordingly, not long after, being at a Tavern with him and other Company, when the Traveller was amongst other strange Things, giving an Account of a Church he had seen in *Italy*, that was above two Miles long, he trod on his Toe, just as one of the Company had ask'd, How broad that same Church might be? Oh, said he, not above two Feet. Upon which, the Company bursting into a loud Laugh; *Zounds*, said he, *if you haav' not trod upon my Toe, I should have made it as broad as it was long.*

A Philosopher being blamed by a Stander-by, for defending an Argument weakly against the Emperor *Adrian*; replied, *What, would you have me contend with a Man that commands thirty Legions of Soldiers?*

Alonso of Arrago, used to say, in Commendation of Age, that Age appeared best in four Things; old Wood to burn, old Wine to drink, old Friends to meet, and old Authors to read.

An

An *Irish* Gentleman being with some Ladies, in a Nobleman's Garden, where there was a large Iron Roller, told them, he thought it was the biggest *Iron Rolling-Stone* he ever saw in his Life.

A young Spark dining at a Friend's House, and having promised a Lady to meet her in the Afternoon, but being obliged to stay and play at Cards, he sent his Man with an Excuse to the Lady, and whispered him, that when he came back, he might deliver his Answer before the Company aloud, as if he came from a Gentleman; accordingly away went his Servant, and being call'd in on his Return, Well, said his Master, was the Gentleman at Home? Yes, Sir, answer'd the Man. And what said he, replied the Master? That it was very well, for he was engaged this Evening. And what was he doing? *Putting on his Hood and Manteel to go to the Play*, Sir, said the Footman.

A Philosopher carrying something hid under his Cloak, an impertinent Person ask'd him, what he had under his Cloak? To which the Philosopher answer'd, *I carry it there that you might not know.*

One having stole a Watch, the Constable was sent after him; at last, being taken by others for a suspicious Person, as they were examining of him the Watch was took in his Pocket: *A Pox of this Luck*, says he, *to escape the Constable, and be found out by the Watch.*

An *Irish* Gentleman, being met by two of his Acquaintance in *St. James's Park*, who observing he had got a new Coat that sat very awkwardly upon him, asked him how his Taylor came to make it so badly? To which he answered, *That he was so unfortunate as not to be at Home when his Taylor took Measure of him.*

One

48 *A Collection of Jests, &c.*

One seeing a great Heap of Stones in *Moorfields*, said to his Friend, *I wish I had some of these Stones at Home*. Why, what would you do with them? said the other. *Why*, said he, *I would build a Brick Wall round my House with them*.

A foppish Fellow thinking to shew his Wit one Night at the Tavern, called to the Drawer, Here, *Mercury*, said he, take away this Bottle full of Emp-
tiness. Said one of the Company, *Do you speak that, Jack, of your own Head?*

A Scotch Bag-piper travelling to *Ireland*, open'd his Wallet by a Wood Side, and sat down to Dinner; no sooner had he said Grace, but three Wolves came about him. To one he threw Bread, to another Meat, 'till his Provender was all gone: At length he took up his Bag-pipes, and began to play, at which the Wolves ran away. *The Deel saw me*, said *Sawney*, *an I had keen'd you lov'd Music so, you should have had it before Dinner*.

A great Eater in the Country, having a large Piece of Roast-Beef set before him, he eat sometimes at one End, and then at the other; the Woman desired him to cut it handsomely, and in one Place? Says he, *It is no Matter where I begin, for I intend to make an End of it all before I go*.

A merry Cocker commending a Cup of nut-brown Ale, said, *Let old Joan, my Wife, chafe and chide me ever so much; nay, if she should cut my Throat I would drink strong Ale still*.

When Mr. Nash was once in *London*, a Friend of his, who was very fond of Fine Ale, perswaded him to go with him to a House which was famous for selling that Liquor in Perfection. When they were there, Mr. Nash was desirous of passing an Hour or

A Collection of Jests, &c. 49

two at a Game of Draughts; and accordingly asked the Landlord if he had a Draught-Board in the House? when being inform'd he had nor, *I suppose then, says Nash, you never suffer any Draughts in your House, except Draughts of Ale.*

A Gentleman meeting the Duke of Rhoan's Jester, asked him what was his Name? *Why none of your Name,* says he. *I know that,* replied the Gentlemen; *but what is your Name?* Says the Jester, *my Name is my Father's Name. And what is his Name,* says the Gentleman? *It is the same Name as mine is. Then what are both your Names?* *Why,* says the Jester, *they are both the same.*

Philip, King of Macedon, after the Battle of Choro-neæ, having generously set all the Athenian Prisoners free, upon their unconscionably demanding their Baggage; *Sure,* says he, *the Men fancy we had but a Mock Fight.*

An old superstitious Roman, who had his Buskins rat-eaten, consulted Cato, in a grave Manner, what such an Accident might portend. Cato bid him set his Mind at Rest, for there would come no Mischief on't. *But,* says the Philosopher, *if your Buskins had eaten the Rats it might have been dangerous.*

Henry the IVth of France, reading an ostentatious Inscription on the Mounment of a Spanish Officer, *Here lies the Body of Don, &c. &c. who never knew what Fear was.* Then, said the King, he never snuffed a Candle with his Fingers.

A Countryman was lopping of a Tree, and down he fell and broke his Neck. The Clown, his Man, straight ran Home, and told his Dame of it; and, telling her a long Tale, both how he advised him to stand fast, and how dangerously he stood upon the Tree,

50 *A Collection of Jests, &c.*

Tree, and how he fell down with the Axe in his Hand; at last he concluded, *And I assure you Dame, it was a great Mercy that he cut not himself with the Axe.*

Mr. Nash being once engag'd at Party of Cards at a Tavern; after playing a considerable Time, the Company in general were for giving over, when one of them propos'd playing for four Bottles of Wine for the Good of the House. *For the Good of what?* says Nash. *For the Good of the House,* replied the Gentleman. *I'll tell you what,* says Nash, *you may do as you please, Gentlemen; but, for the Good of my House, I'll go home.*

Some Gentlemen being at a Tavern together, for want of better Diversion, one propos'd Play; but, said another of the Company, *I have fourteen good Reasons against Gaming.* *What are those,* said another? *In the first Place,* answered he, *I have no Money: Oh!* said the first, *if you had four Hundred Reasons, you need not name another.*

An Italian Priest, named *Piovano Arlotto*, making a Trip into a neighbouring Country, many of his Acquaintances gave him Commissions for Things, which they desired him to buy them: But among them all there was only one, that advanced him any Money; which Money he employ'd as he had been request'd. The others crowding about him at his Return, to receive the Purchases he had made, *Ladies and Gentlemen,* said he, *I am sorry to inform you of an Accident that has prevented my executing your Commissions. Sitting upon the Deck of the Vessel one fine Afternoon in my Voyage outward, and perusing your several Memorandums, which I plac'd by the Side of me, a sudden Gust of Wind came and carried them all off to Sea; and I, having but a*
treacherous

A Collection of Jests, &c. 51

treacherous Memory, could not remember the Contents of any one of them. And yet, said they, you have made Purchases for Such-a-one, and have brought him every Thing he desired. 'Tis very true, replied he, and the Reason is this. In the Memorandum, that he gave me, he inclosed a considerable Number of Pieces of Gold, the Weight of which (Gold being a very heavy Body) prevented the Wind's blowing away that Memorandum with all yours.

An honest Teague, just come to London, perceiving a Parrot hang out at a Cook's Shop-Window, enquired what was the Price of that fine Bird, as he should like it for his Dinner? The Cook told him it was not fit to eat; but the *Irishman* persisted in having it, saying, he understood good eating better than him. The Cook then told him, if he would have it, the Price would be Four Guineas. No more, said Teague, *'pon my Shoul, I think it very cheap; get it ready by Two o'Clock.* The Cook accordingly dressed the Parrot, and Paddy returned at the Hour appointed, and enquired whether the Fowl was ready? Yes, Sir, answered the Cook. *Why then, said he, let me have a Penny Slice. A Penny Slice! surely you're mad, I told you the Price was Four Guineas. Never mind that, answer'd Paddy, I don't care how little you give me for a Penny, I only want a Taste.* The Cook now began to abuse him, and call him a Bog-trotter and an *Irish Fool.* Arrah now, replies Paddy, *if your Parrot was to come alive again, he'd tell you which was the greater Fool, you or me.*

Mr. Nash was once reprimanding a young Gentleman, on Account of his Extravagancies and Debaucheries, so severely, that he seem'd to be sensible of his Follies, and promised Mr. Nash to amend for the future, and would lay down a Resolution for that Pur-

pose. To which Mr. Nash replied, *If I mistake not, you have laid down your Resolution long ago; I would therefore advise you to take up a Resolution to amend.*

How far, Friend, says a Scholar to an ignorant Countryman, *is it to Cambridge? Really, Master,* replies the Man, *I do not know: But from Cambridge to this Town is counted seven Miles.*

A Philosopher and a Wit were crossing from Harwich to Holland, and a high Swell rising, the Philosopher seemed under great Apprehensions lest he should go to the Bottom. *Why,* observed the Wit, *that will suit your Genius to a Tittle; as for my Part, you know, I am only for skimming the Surface of Things.*

An Author came into a Bookseller's Shop, where Nash was reading, and offered a Poem to sell. The Bookseller refusing to give the Money he ask'd, he turned short round, and said he would carry it Home; for that he did not care how much Wit he had in Hand. *True,* says Nash, *and I think you should always keep some in Hand, my Friend, for I fancy you have but little in Head.*

'Tis reported of Diogenes, that, going along the Street, a Man, with a Load upon his Shoulders, struck him with his Burden, and then bade him take Care. *Why,* said Diogenes, *do you intend to strike me again?*

An Oxford Student who had put up at an Inn, in his Way from London, without consulting the State of his Finances, found in the Morning that he would stand a bad Chance of getting his Horse and himself genteely off, if his Imagination failed him in a Project; but luckily, having a very silly Landlord to deal with, he persuaded him that he was so conversant

sant in Brewery, and the Draught of Beer, that he could draw Mild and Stale out of the same Butt. The Landlord being very curious to have the Experiment tried; just as the *Oxonian's* Horse was ready, they went down in the Cellar, and having pitched upon a fresh Butt, the *Oxonian* bored a Hole in the upper Part, then turning to the Landlord for the Spicket, which he was unprovided with, *Keep your Hand here*, said he, *'till I go and fetch one.* The Landlord's Patience was doubtless tired before his Return, as he propos'd going to *Oxford* for it.

The Maid of an Inn, seeing a Dog lie under the Table, went to kick him out, but he would not stir. *If a Body should kill this Dog*, says she, *I believe he would not stir from this Place.*

One said, He had rid his Horse so much, that he had never a dry Thread about him.

A seedy Poet, who play'd at Hide-and-seek with all but the Muses and his Printer's Devil, meeting his Taylor full-butt turning the Corner of a Street, and there being no Possibility of avoiding him, he was compell'd to submit to a gentle Dun. The Poet, however, plucked up Courage enough to tell him to call upon him the next Morning, when he would give him a Draught of *Helicon*, upon the Bank of *Parnassus*. The Taylor went off greatly satisfied at this, inquiring only if *Mr. Helicon* was a good Man, and a House-keeper.

Some *English* Ladies, being in *Ireland*, went to see a Gentleman, who had married a Relation of theirs. The Gentleman receiv'd them with great Civility, and entertain'd them in a very elegant Manner. When they had been some Time at his House, he took them to see the Curiosities in and about *Dublin*.

The Wind, at that Time, happen'd to be very high; and the Ladies desired he would please to take his Hat from under his Arm, and put it on his Head. The Gentleman reply'd, *Upon my Word, Ladies, I have put my Hat on two or three Times; but the Wind is so excessively high, that I find it impossible to keep it on my Head, any longer than I have it under my Arm.*

A Woman, whose Husband was gone to the Wars in a foreign Country, was told, that there had lately been a very bloody Engagement; and that many, on both Sides, had been kill'd or wounded: Adding, that the Heads of some of the Soldiers had been shot off by Cannon Balls. *Bless me!* replied the Woman, *I can but think, if my poor Husband should have his Head shot off, how sadly he will look, if he lives to come Home!*

"We have some Proofs," says Toland in the Sketch of his intended History of the Druids, "that the Panegyrics of the Gallic Bards did not always want Wit, any more than Flattery; and particularly an Instance out of *Athenus*, concerning *Luernius*, a Gallic Prince, extraordinary rich, liberal and magnificent. Now this *Luernius* having appointed a certain Day for a Feast, one of the Barbarous Poets, coming too late, met him as he was departing; whereupon he began to sing the Praises of the Prince, and to extol his Grandeur, but to lament his own unhappy Delay. *Luernius*, being delighted, called for a Purse of Gold, which he threw to him, as he ran by the Side of the Chariot. The Poet, taking it up, began to sing again to this Purpose; *That out of the Tracks his Chariot had plough'd on the Ground, sprung up Gold and Blessings to Mankind.*"

Old Cross the Player was very deaf, but did not care to be known to be so. *Joe Miller*, going one Day

A Collection of Jests, &c. 55

Day along *Fleet-Street*, and seeing *Cross* on the other Side of the Way, told an Acquaintance, he had with him, that he should see something diverting. Then, beckoning to *Cross* with his Hand, and stretching open his Mouth very wide, as though he halloo'd to him (though in Reality he said nothing) the old Fellow crosses the Way in a mighty Peet. *What a Pox*, says he, *do you make such a Noise for? Do you think a Body can't bear.*

A Gentleman having a little Study, and having some Company in his Chamber, which desired to see it; he said, *In Truth, Gentlemen, if you all go in, it will not hold you.*

Two Citizens, passing through a Country Village, saw a very fair House not inhabited. Says one, *If I had this House at London, it should not stand here so long empty.*

A Gentleman was once at Supper with Mr. *Nash*, who had lost a large Sum of Money, which he could ill spare, and by that Means had disconcerted his Footman, who had lived many Years in the Family, and had a great Affection for him. After Supper the Gentleman sent this Servant with his Box to a particular Shop for some Snuff; when he returned, the Gentleman applied a Pinch to his Nose, and found it not the Sort he wanted, upon which he questioned his Servant about it; who told him, that they had no Snuff left at that Shop, and therefore he went to another, for he *thought* he must bring some Home with him. *You thought! you Dog*, says the Gentleman, *what Business had you to think.* Nay, Sir, says the Footman, *it is fit some of us should.* This Answer, tho' impertinent, was so well pointed, and was delivered with so much Concern in the Man's Countenance,

56 *A Collection of Jests, &c.*

nance, that the Master made no Reply ; and Nash pleased with the Man's Fidelity, and Affection for his Master, and the Family, sent for him the next Day and gave him a Guinea.

One wondering there were so many Pickpockets in London, seeing there's a Watch at every Corner : *Pho!* says another, *they'd as willingly meet with a Watch as any Thing else.*

One of the Princesses of the Blood of France, being in the Company of some Country Ladies, asked her, to whom she chiefly addressed herself, how many Children she had. She told her Highness she had three. By and by, tired with the Conversation of Women so much her Inferiors, and forgetting herself, Pray, Madam, said she, *how many Children have you?* *As I have not lain in,* replied the Gentlewoman, *since your Highness asked me this Question before, I have still no more than three Children.* This free and facetious Answer cured the Princess of her Inattention, and, far from offending her, gave her an Esteem for the Lady, which she ever after preserv'd.

When it was told *Anaxagoras*, that the *Athenians* had condemned him to die ; he said again, *And Nature them.*

One having been very extravagant, writ to his Father for more Money, and used all Means, but nothing would prevail ; at length he very ingemiously writ his Father Word he was dead, and desired him to send up Money to pay for his Burial.

An *Irishman*, at *Chester*, enquired of his Landlord, How he should get to *London* ? Being told, he might go in the Waggon. He replied, No, Honey, *that will never do; I am always Sea-sick, when I ride in a Waggon: Besides, Joy, I can walk as fast as two Waggons.*

A Gentleman

A Collection of Jests, &c. 57

A Gentleman having a very fat Daughter, offer'd a great Portion with her. Says the other, *Sir, a Quarter of her is enough for me; therefore pray find out another Husband for the rest.*

Three or four roguish young Scholars walking out one Day, espy'd a poor Fellow, near *Abington*, asleep in a Ditch, with an Ass by him, laden with Earthen-Ware, holding the Bridle in his Hand. Says one of the Scholars to the rest, *If you will assist me, I will help you to a little Money, for you know we are bare at present.* No doubt of it, they were not long consenting. *Why then,* said he, *we will go and sell this old Fellow's Ass at Abington, for you know the Fair is To-morrow, and we shall meet with Chapmen enough; therefore, do you take the Panniers off, and put them upon my Back, and that Bridle over my Head, and then lead the Ass to the Fair, and let me alone with the old Man.* This being done accordingly, in a little Time after, the poor Man waking, was strangely surprized to see his Ass thus metamorphosed. *Oh! pray Gaffer,* said the Scholar, *take this Bridle out of my Mouth, and this Load from my Back.* *Zoons! how came you here?* replied the old Man. *Why,* said he, *my Father, who is a Necromancer, upon an idle Thing I did to disoblige him, transformed me into an Ass; but now his Heart has relented, and I am come to my own Shape again, I beg you let me go Home and thank him.* By all Means, said the Crockery Merchant, *I do not desire to have any Thing to do with Conjurati^on;* and so set the Scholar at Liberty, who went directly to his Comrades, that by this Time were making merry with the Money they had sold the Ass for. But the old Fellow was forced to go the next Day to seek for a new One in the Fair; and, after having looked on several, his own was shewn

58 *A Collection of Jests, &c.*

shewn him for a very good One. *Oh! ho!* said he, *what has he and his Father quarrelled again already?* No, no, *I will have nothing to say to him.*

Two Irishmen travelling on Foot from Chester, to London, being heartily tired, were much chagrin'd when they came to Barnet, to find they had still ten Miles to go. When they had considered of it for some Time, *Hang it,* says one of them, *'tis but five Miles a-piece. Let us e'en walk on.*

A Person who was indebted to Mr. Nash in a Sum of Money, being dunned by him for it one Day, as he had often been before, said to him, in a very insolent Manner, *I think, Nash, you are a very impertinent Fellow, to trouble your Head about my Debts; it would become you much better to take Care to pay your own, than teize me in this Manner about mine.*

A certain Country Squire ask'd a Merry Andrew, Why he play'd the Fool? For the same Reason, said he, that you do; out of *Want*; you do it for Want of Wit, *I do it for Want of Money.*

Some Gentlemen persuading one to go along with them into the Water, that could not swim: *Faith,* Neighbour, says another, *be ruled by me; never go into the Water, 'till you have learned to swim.*

A Person seeing a large Mahogany Table stand in a Broker's Shop, ask'd what was the Price of it? *Two Guineas,* says the Broker. The Person then ask'd if it had no Faults? The Broker reply'd, *It is an extraordinary good Table, and perfectly sound, only one of the Legs is broke.*

One telling his Friend of the Death of one whom he loved entirely. Says rather, *It's impossible: for if he had been dead, he would have sent me Word, I'm sure on't.*

Certain

Certain University-Scholars, who had passed some Days at an Inn, determined, at going away, to Joke with their Landlord. Having made him sit down, they endeavoured to persuade him that in every nineteen Thousand Years there was a Revolution of all terrestrial Affairs; that the same People were born again, and passed their Lives exactly in the same Manner as they had done before; that it was so likewise with all Brute Animals, and, in short, that all Transactions were repeated at every Revolution. Now, Landlord, said they, *it happens that we are at present a little short of Cash, and can't conveniently pay you. But, as we shall certainly be here again nineteen Thousand Years hence, we will as certainly pay you then: and so honest and well-behaved a Man as you appear to be, will, doubtless, take our Words for it.* The Inn-keeper heard them with a very grave Countenance, and, after some little Consideration, Gentlemen, said he, *I have no Objection to what you propose: for I hope I deserve the good Opinion you are pleased to express of me, being willing to do what little Good I can in the World, and to oblige others in all reasonable Requests. But you are to consider that you were here nineteen Thousand Years ago; at which Time you had the same Entertainment you have had now. And I well remember you then made me the same Promise you now make me, and went away without paying. You have therefore, Gentlemen, nothing to do, but to discharge that former Reckoning, according to your Promise; and, as to the present Reckoning, I'll give you nineteen Thousand Years Credit for it with all my Heart.*

One coming into a Friend's House, he saw the four Seasons of the Year hanging. Said he, *These are very pretty; but if you had bought the whole Dozen of them, it would have set off the Room very handsomely.*

Box

60 *A Collection of Jests, &c.*

Ben Johnson coming down Stairs in a Tavern his Foot slipped, and accidentally beat against a Door, which flew open, where some Gentlemen were drinking, to whom he said, I did not intend to have intruded myself, but being so accidentally fallen into your Company, I am resolved to drink with you before I go. One of the Gentlemen who knew him, reply'd, Since by your *Fall* we enjoy your Company, give me leave to *rise* and bid you welcome.

Mr. Nash being in a Company, among whom there was a Gentleman who was remarkable for a Kind of rude satyrical Wit, and who having levelled his Jeers at almost all present, chiefly by mimicking their Voices, Gestures, or *taking them off*, as it is commonly call'd; *Mr. Nash*, expecting it would presently come to his Turn, got up, and was going away. When being asked the Reason of his leaving the Company so soon, he replied, *In order to save the Gentleman the Trouble of taking me off, I think it is best to take myself off*; and so departed.

A *French Doctor* asked a Waterman, Whether he might safely go by Water over the River? The Fellow told him, Yes; but the Doctor, coming to the Water-Side, and finding it very rough, said, *You Watermen are the veryest Knaves in the World, for to gain Six-pence, you care not tho' you cast a Man away.* Sir, said the Waterman, *we are Men of cheaper Function, and don't ask so much for casting Men away as you do.*

A Gentleman of the County of *Connaught* in Ireland, being at *Bath* for the Recovery of his Health, *Mr. Nash* contracted an Intimacy with him, and they used frequently to visit each other *sans Ceremonie*. One Winter's Mornig, *Mr. Nash* went into the Gentleman's Chamber before he was up, when finding the
Window-

A Collection of Jests, &c. 61

Window-Shutters open, and Bed-Curtains not drawn; "I think, Sir, says *Nash*, you lie very airy with your Shutters and Curtains open, one would think it was Summer by you." To which the Gentleman (who was apt to make little Blunders) replied, *Indeed, Mr. Nash, it is not for the Sake of the Air that I leave them open, but only I like to see Day-light when I chance to wake in the Middle of the Night.*

Some Gentlemen at a Tavern had made an Appointment to set out early the next Morning for *Windsor*, in order to see the Castle, and other Curiosities at that Place: But one of the Gentlemen said he was of so drowsy a Disposition, that he was sure he should not awake, unless he was call'd. An *Irish* Gentleman, who was one of the Company, reply'd, That, for his Part, it was no Trouble to him to rise early; for he had been so fortunate as to buy an Alarum, and therefore he had nothing to do but pull the String, and then he could wake himself at what Hour he pleased.

Nash seldom boasted of his Family or Learning; and his Father's Name and Circumstances were so little known, that Dr. *Cheney* used frequently to say, that *Nash* had no Father. A Lady one Day rallying him in public Company upon the Obscurity of his Birth, compared him to *Gil Blas*, who was ashamed of his Father. No, Madam, replied *Nash*, I seldom mention my Father in Company; not because I have any Reason to be ashamed of him, but because he has some Reason to be ashamed of me.

A worthy *Irishman*, being desir'd by his Friend to lend him Two Guineas; reply'd, Arrah now, my dear Shoul, that I will do with a great deal of Pleasure: For if I had but One Guinea in the World, I would lend you Two at any Time.

Will

62 *A Collection of Jests, &c.*

Will Webster, of Stamford, sold as good a Cup of Ale as ever mantled or nitted in a Beer-Glass. He was bred a Baker, and, as it is common in the Country, he also sold Bread; and it was as usual for Working People to call for a Penny-Loaf, as a Penny-worth of Ale, at his House. A Man came to Webster's one Day, and wanted six Penny-Loaves—Webster served him as he sat in the Drinking-Room; but after six Loaves had been told out to the Fellow, says the Man, Master Webster, take one of your Loaves back, I'll have but five; and bring me a Penny-worth of Ale, that will make up the Six-pence all the same. The Man drank up his Penny-worth, called for another Cup of Ale, returned the Landlord a Loaf, and so on, until he had exchanged all the six Loaves for six Penny-worths of Ale. Then rising up to go, the Landlord demanded his Reckoning: For what? quoth the Man. For my Bread, replied the Landlord. Have you not had it again? was the Customer's Answer. Then pay me for my Ale, replied the Publican: I gave you Bread for it, answered the Defendant.

A droll Fellow, who was an excellent Companion, but was a Person of no Principle, borrow'd Five Guineas of a Gentleman, when he was with him on a Party of Pleasure. Though he promis'd to return them in two Days, the Gentleman gave them over for lost. However, he was punctual to his Promise; but some Time after, he desir'd the Gentleman to lend him Ten Guineas, assuring him he would return the Money in a Fortnight at the farthest. No, Jack, says the Gentleman, you deceiv'd me once, when you paid the Five Guineas I lent you; and I don't chuse to be deceiv'd twice, by the same Person.

A Gentleman

A Collection of Jests, &c. 63

A Gentleman in *Ireland*, remarkable for what is called Bulls, was met one Day in Mourning. *How now*, Frank, says his Acquaintance, *who are you in Mourning for?* *For my poor Wife, Honey*, answers he: *Bless me!* says the other. *Indeed it is very true*, says Frank. *She would have been three Weeks dead, if she had lived 'till next Wednesday.*

A Mistress of a Boarding-School at *Chelsea*, who was very red-fac'd, taxing one of her Scholars with some Faults; the young Lady denied it, but colour'd at the Accusation. *Nay*, says the Mistress, *I am sure it must be true, for you blush.* Pardon me, Madam, said she, *it is only the Reflection of your Face.*

Ben Johnson, being one Night at the *Devil Tavern*, there was a Country Gentleman in the Company, who interrupted all their Discourse with an Account of his Lands and Tenements; at last *Ben*, unable to bear with it any longer, said, *What signifies your Dirt and your Clods to us; where you have one Acre of Land, I have ten Acres of Wit. Have you so?* reply'd the Countryman, *good Mr. Wiseacre?* This unexpected Repartee from the Clown, struck *Ben* mute for some Time. *Why, how now, Ben?* says one of the Company, *you seem to be quite stung!* *Why, I never was so prick'd by a Hobnail before*, reply'd he.

Mr. Pope was one Evening at *Button's Coffee-House*, where he and a Set of *Literati* had got poring over a Manuscript of the *Greek* comic Poet *Aristophanes*, in which they found a Passage that none of them could comprehend. As they talked pretty loud, a young Officer who stood by the Fire, heard their Conference, and begg'd that he might be permitted to look at the Passage—*Oh!* says *Pope*, sarcastically, *by all Means, pray let the young Gentleman look at it.* Upon which

64 *A Collection of Jest, &c.*

which the Officer took up the Book, and considering awhile, said, *That there only wanted a Note of Interrogation to make the Whole intelligible.* Which was really the Case: *And pray Master,* says Pope (piqued perhaps at being out-done by a Red Coat) *what is a Note of Interrogation?* *A Note of Interrogation,* replied the Youth, with a Look of the utmost Contempt, *is a little crooked Thing that asks Questions.* 'Tis said, however, that Mr. Pope was so delighted with the Wit, that he forgave the Sarcasm on his Person.

One came to visit a Gentleman in the Country, and finding him eating of Cherries with his Spectacles on, having ask'd his Reason for it: He answered, *The Truth is, I bid my Man bring me Kentish Cherries, and the Knave hath brought me these little Ones, which you see; therefore I eat them with my Spectacles on to make them look bigger.*

Some Gentlemen riding over a Common by a Turf-Cutter, enquired the Way to Guildford; when he had directed them right, they asked what Time o' Day it was? The Man, looking up to the Sun, told them it was Ten. But one of the Gentlemen, taking out his Watch, said it was not Ten yet; *Then,* says the Fellow, *you may ride 'till it is and be pox'd, if you will; if you knew better than me, why did you ask the Question?*

A London Tradesman on his Journey, being at an Inn, told a most surprizing Story; and, in order to enforce Belief, said it was so unaccountable, so every Way wonderful, that he never could have believed it, if he had not seen it himself; yet, when the Company doubted of the Fact, he seemed angry, and turning round to one of them, said he thought himself ill used: *Not so,* says a Country Shopkeeper, *we*
have

A Collection of Jest, &c. 65

have none of us seen this wonderful Phenomenon ; and, as you say, you would not have believed it if you had not seen it, you ought to allow others to be as cautious and sensible as yourself. Nat. Barton, the Jockey, entered the Room during this Debate, to whom the angry Gentleman complained of their Behaviour ; and having repeated the Story, and without waiting for an Answer, turned to the Company, and said that he knew Nat. would believe it. *O yes, said Nat. that I'll do, I'll believe it with all my Heart ; but there is not one in an Hundred that would.*

A Gentleman riding through a Village, asked a Countryman what a Clock it was ? He answered, *We have no Clock, Sir, but we have a Pair of Organs.*

A Farmer once said to his Wife, I have been thinking a Quarter of an Hour, that this is very excellent Roast Beef ; but we have had Roast Beef so often, I am something tired of it. Let us have the next Roast Beef boiled, Wife.

The same honest Man coming Home from his Labour one Afternoon, found his Helpmate washing. *My Dear, said he, I have got the Head-Ach, and want a Dish of Coffee.* *Very well, says she, let me put my Cloaths in the Scald first.* *Ay, ay, says the Farmer, in his deliberate Manner, I can stay.* *But pray, Wife, said he, do you scald your Cloaths in hot Water or cold ?*

A Gentleman riding over Salisbury Plain, when it rain'd very hard, set up a Gallop, and pass'd by another whose Horse stood still ; a little surprized at this Sight, he asked the Reason of it ; *Zounds, says the other, who the De'el but a Fool would ride in this Wet.*

Dr. Ratcliffe was remarkable for a sudden Thought in extraordinary Cases. He was once sent for into

66 *A Collection of Jests, &c.*

the Country to a Gentleman, who was dangerously ill of a Quinsey; and the Doctor soon perceived, that no Application internal or external would be of any Service. Upon which he desired the Lady of the House to order her Cook to make a large Hasty-Pudding; and, when it was done, to let his own Servant bring it up. While the Cook was about it, he takes his Man aside, and instructs him what he was to do. By and by the Man brings up the Pudding in great Order, and sets it on the Table, in full View of the Patient. *Come, John,* said he, *you love Hasty-Pudding, eat some along with me, for I believe you came out without your Breakfast.* Both fall to with their Spoons; but *John's* Spoon going twice to his Mouth to his Master's once, the Doctor takes Occasion to quarrel with him, and dabs a Spoonful of hot Pudding in his Face. *John* resents it, and throws another at his Master. This puts the Doctor in a Passion; and, quitting his Spoon, takes it up by Handfuls and throws at his Man; who battles him again in the same Manner, 'till they were both of them in a most woeful Pickle. The Patient, who had a full View of the Skirmish, was so tickled at the Fancy, that he burst into a Laughter, which broke the Quinsey and cured him.

A Scholar being so fuddled that he could not unlock his Door, complained to the Governor, that somebody had stolen away his Key-Hole.

An *Irishman*, being ask'd if he understood *French*? Reply'd, *Yes, Foy, I understand French perfectly well, provided it's spoken in Irish.*

A Farmer had been to Market to buy a large Lot of Beef for his Family; but, on his Return Home, meeting with some jovial Companions, they drank to such

such a Degree, that he became quite intoxicated with the Liquor. In short, before he got Home, he lost both the Beef and his Senses. The next Day, however, he made Enquiry after his Meat at every Place where he could recollect he had been, but could hear no Tydings of it. Upon this his Neighbours us'd to jeer him continually, saying, *Well, Master, you have quite lost your Beef, I find.* No, no, reply'd the Farmer, scratching his Head, *there is no Fear of my losing my Beef, for I hear of it every Day.*

An *Italian* Prince, whose Territories were very small, having taken Offence at a *Frenchman* who resided at his Court, sent him an Order to evacuate his State in three Days. *I am much obliged to His Highness,* said the *Frenchman*, *for giving me three Days to do what may be easily done in three-quarters of an Hour.*

An *English* Gentleman, travelling through the Territories of another of those petty Princes, and seeing for a considerable Time neither House nor human Figure, at last spied a Man digging, near a Gibbet with a dead Body upon it. Having enquired whose Territories he was in, and being answered, *Sure,* said he, *your Prince must be a very cruel Man to hang half his Subjects.*

A Gentleman having brought his Friend down into his Cellar, his Friend observing there was no Seat to sit on, asked him the Reason of it? *Because,* says the other, *I will have no Man that comes here drink any longer than he can stand.*

A Linnen-Draper in *London* had his Picture drawn in Armour, which he was very fond of shewing. Two Country Gentlemen of his Acquaintance coming one Day to see him, he, according to Custom, shows them the Picture, asking if it was not extremely like

68 *A Collection of Jests, &c.*

him? *Indeed, says one of the Gentlemen, 'tis a good Likeness; but there is a Fault in it, for you are drawn in Armour, and the Painter has given you no Head Piece: Pho, says his Friend, if he had a Head Piece he would never have been drawn in Armour.*

The Day proving very windy, whereon one was to perform a Journey, who was scarce ever before farther than his Street, his Friends dissuaded him, saying, *The Wind would be very troublesome to him. Oh! let me alone, said he, I will ride out of the Wind.*

Socrates's Friends being angry at a Man who had not returned his Civility; *Why so angry, said Socrates, that this Man is not as civil as I?*

When Drams were more in Vogue than they are at present, a Gentleman called for a Glas of Brandy at the *Smyrna*, because, he said, he was very hot. Bring me one, Waiter, says another, for I am very cold. *It is a strange Thing, says a third, that People can't find an Excuse for their Follies, without insulting the good Sense of the Company. Here, bring me a Dram, Boy, for I like it.*

A Citizen's Wife being in the Country, and seeing a Goose that had many Goslings; *How is it possible, said she, that one Goose should suckle so many Goslings?*

A Farmer of *Heddington*, that held a little Estate by Lease for three Lives, and was a very good Jumper, offered to lay a Wager with another Farmer of the same Place, that he could jump over a Stone-Pit in that Parish, that was five Yards over; which being pretty deep, and the Attempt very dangerous, a By-stander endeavoured to dissuade him from so perilous a Feat; and told him, he might lose his Life by so doing. *What Care I, said the Farmer, han't I a Lease of three Lives?*

A Country

A Collection of Jests, &c. 69

A Country Fellow seeing the Sign of the *Oxford-Arms*, in the *Old Butcher-Row* in that City, in which is an Ox and an open Book for the University; cry'd out, *This may well be call'd a Place of Learning, where the very Cows con their Lessons!*

A *Welch Drover*, coming through *Oxford*, asked his Companions, what out-landish People they were, which he saw walking on the Parade before *St. Mary's Church*? The other, who was a Sage in his own Country, said, *Cot's hart! cannot hur see, they are Parsons' Prentices.*

Two walking together in the Fields, were at length hemmed in by a great Ditch; which, when they perceived, quoth one of them, *We must go back again, for this Ditch is too big for us to jump over.* Nay, quoth the other, *I protest I'll jump over, tho' I light just in the Middle.*

One being at his Wife's Funeral, and the Bearers going pretty quick along, he cried out to them, *Don't go so fast; what need we make a Toil of a Pleasure?*

Some Countrymen having a large Number of Eggs to send to *London*, were put to it for Hampers to pack them up in. They puzzled their empty Noddles a good while, to no Purpose; at length an arch Fellow, viewing their unmeaning Faces, said, *What at a Stand! honest Countrymen? Can't you think of some Way to pack up your Eggs? Why, Wounds, one of you pull off your Shoes and Stockings, and tread them down in the Hampers, and you'll soon have Room enough.*

An *Irishman* on Board a Man of War, was desired by his Mess-mate to go down and draw a Can of Beer: *Teague*, knowing that Preparations were making to sail, absolutely refused. *Arrah! by my Shoul,*

Shoul, says he, and so while I am gone into the Cellar, to fetch Beer, the Ship will sail, and leave me behind.

When the Army of *Lewis* the XIVth of *France* was encamped in *Flanders*, during his War with the Confederates, the King used sometimes to reside at the Head-Quarters himself. It happened, that a very fine Horse, which he had lately purchased, was exercised before his Tent, and among others who had gathered round him was a Corporal, who having been that Afternoon too free with *Aqua Vite*, was become as great a Man as his Majesty. He had strolled up to the Spot, and getting within the Circle, put himself into an Attitude of Consequence. After having some Time made his Observation with the Air of a profound Connoisseur, he thrusts a Quid of Tobacco into his Mouth, and swore it was as fine a Creature as ever he saw, and as well broke; then, tottering up to the Groom who had been riding it, and just dismounted, asked him, Who was the Owner? At this Moment the King came out from his Tent; and, overhearing the Corporal's Question, with whom he had already been diverted, told him courteously, That the Horse was his. The Corporal made his Majesty a slight Compliment, by moving his Hat; and then, setting his Arms akimbo, told him, That his Reason for asking was, that he had taken a Liking to the Horse, and was inclined to buy it. The King said, He had no Intention to sell it; but, if it would oblige him, he would treat with him on the same Spot the next Morning. The Corporal thrusting out his Hand, cried, *A Match*; to which the King consented, and rode off, giving private Orders that no Punishment should be inflicted upon the Corporal, but that he should be brought before him the next Morning. In the

the Morning, when the poor Fellow was told what had passed, and conducted to the King's Tent, he was seized with a dreadful Panic, lest his Insolence and Drunkenness might cost him his Life. Into the Presence, however, he was carried: And the King, who intended only some Sport, asked him, If he was the Man that would last Night have bought his Horse? No, and please your Majesty, says the Fellow, *that Man went away at Three o'Clock this Morning. Did he so?* said the King (who understood that at Three o'Clock Sleep had substituted a sober Man for one that was drunk) *I am very glad that I have got so sensible and decent a Person as you are in his stead, and I hope he will never come back; for if I see him, I shall certainly resent his Behaviour.*

It was a beautiful Turn given by a great Lady; who, being ask'd where her Husband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concern'd in a Conspiracy; resolutely answered, *I have hid him.* This frank Confession drew her before the King, who told her, nothing but discovering where her Lord was concealed could save her from Torture. *And will that do, Sir?* says the Lady. *Yes,* replied the King, *I have given my Word for it. Then,* says she, *I have hid him in my Heart, there you'll find him.* Which surprising Answer charmed her Enemies, and turned aside the King's Resentment.

Two Servants discoursing over a Pot of Ale, of their Masters Hospitality; one said, His Master kept a very noble *Christmas* this Year, for he killed an Ox every Day. *Tush,* said the other, *my Master killed an Ox and a Half.*

The late Beau Nash often played Tricks with others; and, upon certain Occasions, received very severe

72 *A Collection of Jests, &c.*

severe Retaliations. Being at *York Races*, and having lost all his Money, some of his Companions agreed to equip him with fifty Guineas, upon this Proviso, that he would stand at the great Door of the Minster in a Blanket, as the People were coming out of Church. To this Proposal he readily agreed; but the Dean coming by, unfortunately knew him. *What*, says the Doctor, *Mr. Nash in Masquerade?* Only a *Yorkshire Penance*, *Mr. Dean*, for keeping bad Company, quoth *Nash*, pointing to his Companions.

An *Oxford Vintner*, complaining to his Man that there were no Bottles left, tho' he had laid in a large Stock very lately: *No Wonder*, says the Fellow, for all those that were Measure you broke, and all that were not Measure the Scholars have broke.

A Person ask'd an *Irishman*, why he wore his Stockings the wrong Side outwards? Who answer'd, *Because there was an Hole on the other Side.*

One coming along late one Night, was stopped by the Constable, who ask'd him what he did out so late, and what was his Name? *My Name*, says he, *is Twenty Shillings.* *Where do you live?* says the Constable. *I live*, says he, *out of the King's Dominions.* So, says the Constable, *where have you been?* Says he again, *Where you would have been with all your Heart.* *It may be so*, says the Constable; *but where are you going?* *Where you dare not go for your Ears.* *I do not intend it*, says the Constable, *To-night;* but you shall go to the Compter. The next Morning he was brought before a Magistrate, who checked him for answering the Constable so crossly. *Sir*, says he, *it was partly the Truth.* *As to the first Question, my Name is Mark Noble.* *To the Second, I live in Little Britain.* *To the Third, I had been drinking a Glass of good Sack.* And

A Collection of Jests, &c. 73

to the last, I was going to Bed to my Wife. So, for the Joke sake, was dismiss'd without Fees.

While *Claudius* was Emperor, a Mother was at Law with her own Son. The Son was Plaintiff, and required his Mother might acknowledge him for her Son. The Mother disowned him, asserting he was an Impostor. The Reasons alledged on both Sides being alike probable, the Emperor condemned the Woman to marry the young Man. This wise Sentence evinced the Truth, and obliged this barbarous Mother, rather than commit Incest, to own him for her Son.

It being told *Antigonus*, in order to intimidate him, as he marched to the Field of Battle, that the Enemy would shoot such Vollies of Arrows as would intercept the Light of the Sun. *I am glad of it, replied he, for it being very hot, we shall then fight in the Shade.*

A blunt Tike, who was newly become an Ostler at the *King's-Head*, in *Oxford*, was ask'd by a Gentleman, What Countryman he was? Who reply'd, *Yorkshire, Sir.* A waggish *Oxonian* being by, ask'd the poor Fellow, What County *Yorkshire* was in? After the Man had scratched his Head a little, he drawled out, *I conno well teel you, Mister, unless it be in Durham, or the North-Riding.*

One seeing a Drawer drunk said, that the Wine then was even with him; for he hath pierc'd the Wine's Hogs Head, and now the Wine hath pierced his.

A young Woman in the Country, being invited to a Christening, was told by her Friends that she must not sit among the Company without speaking, lest they took her for a Simpleton; but that she must talk a little, as well as the rest. When she was come,
and

74 *A Collection of Jest, &c.*

and had sat some Time, she touch'd the Woman who sat next her on the Elbow, and said, *Pray, Goody, had your Mother ever a Child? Aye certainly,* reply'd the Woman, *or how should I be here! Bless me! Goody,* says she, *I ask your Pardon; I meant your Grand-mother?*

An Oxonian, hearing a Man say he came from Leek, in Staffordshire, ask'd him, If he knew Thomas Johnson's Sirname, that once sold Ale in that Town? No, indeed, Sir, said the Countryman, *I do not; I have been from thence some Time, and perhaps have forgot.*

A Person desired Advice of a Friend of his, with Relation to his Conduct in Life; to whom the Friend made this excellent Answer: *Acknowledge a God, retain your own Language, get the better of your Passions, acquire Learning, be firm in your Religion, commit as little Ill as possible, do all the Good you can, hide the Faults of your Neighbours, relieve the Neccessitous, and expect Heaven as a Recompence.*

One having Occasion to rise early, bid his Man look out, and see if it was Day; the Man reply'd, it was Dark. *You Loggerhead,* says he, *why don't you take a Candle and hold it out of the Window, how do you think to see without?*

Metellus Nepos asked Cicero, in a scoffing Manner, who was his Father? meaning to reproach him with his want of Birth. *Thy Mother,* replied Cicero, *has made that Question much harder for thee to answer.*

I shall clip your Wife's Wit, said Dean Swift to Mr. Pilkington, in Presence of the Wife. *That will be hanging Matter,* said she; *for 'tis Sterling.*

One walking abroad in a clear Moonshine Night, said, *It was as fine a Night as a Man should see in a Summer's Day.*

A P U Z-

A PUZZLING QUESTION, to try your Wit.

A Certain Marriner transporting 30 Passengers in a Ship, of which 15 were *Christians* and 15 *Jews*, there arose a great Tempest, so that the Ship could not be safe unless Half the Goods and Half the Men were thrown overboard to lighten it; and then they began amongst themselves to debate and agree after what Manner this should be done. At length they were content that the Master should set them all in a Circle, beginning where he would, and every 9th Man should be thrown overboard, 'till 15 were gone. The Master, willing to spare the *Christians*, so order'd and plac'd them, that every 9th Man was a *Jew*; so the *Christians* were saved, and the *Jews* all lost. Pray how was this done?

The ANSWER.

FIRST he placed them in this Order, 4 *Christians*, 5 *Jews*, 2 *Christians*, 1 *Jew*, 3 *Christians*, 1 *Jew*, 1 *Christian*, 2 *Jews*, 2 *Christians*, 3 *Jews*, 1 *Christian*, 2 *Jews*, 2 *Christians*, 1 *Jew*; and he began to number from the first of the four *Christians*: As for Example;

CCCC, JJJJJ, CC, J, CCC, J, C, JJ,

CC, JJJ, C, JJ, CC, J.

A N O T H E R.

A Certain Fisherman had three Sons, and having caught a Quantity of Fish, he sent them out to sell them, with this Charge, That they should sell them all at the same Price, and bring Home equally

H

as

76 *A Collection of Jest, &c.*

as much Money one as the other, although the one had 50, the other 30, and the third but 10. Pray how could this be done?

The A N S W E R.

TH U S: Having seated themselves in the Market-Place, a Buyer came to the First, and demanded the Price of his Fish; 7 a Penny, quoth he: The Man bought 7 Pennyworth, then he had but 1 left: From thence he went to the Second, who sold them the same Price as his Brother; the Man bought 4 Pennyworth, then he had but 2 left: From thence he went to the Third, who sold them the same Price as the others; he bought 1 Pennyworth, then he had 3 left: From thence he went to the First, and ask'd the Price of his 1 Fish; 3 Pence, quoth he; the Man bought that, and the Money the First had taken came to 10 Pence: From thence he went to the Second, who sold his 2 at 3 Pence a-piece, and 4 Pennyworth before, made his Money 10 Pence: The Third sold his 3 for 3 Pence each; which, with 1 Pennyworth he sold at first, made him 10 Pence: So that they sold them at the same Price, and carried Home equally as much Money.

A N O T H E R.

A Woman went to Market and bought 6 Hares, 8 Turkeys, and 10 Geese for 3*l.* 13*s.* Being ask'd, What she gave a-piece for them? She answer'd, If I had bought 1 Hare and 2 Turkeys more, I must have paid 10*s.* more; if I had bought 1 Turkey and 2 Geese more, I must have paid 8*s.* more, and if I had bought 1 Hare and 2 Geese more, I must have paid 9*s.* more. *Query*, The Price of a Hare, a Turkey, and a Goose?

The

The ANSWER.

SIX Hares, at 4 s. each, comes to 1 l. 4 s. Eight
Turkeys, at 3 s. each, comes to 1 l. 4 s. And
ten Geese, at 2 s. 6 d. each, comes to 1 l. 5 s. To-
tal 3 l. 13 s.

C O N U N D R U M S.

WHEN is a Parlour best furnish'd?
*When it has good Liquor, good Food, and good
Company.*

Why is a Cheat like a bad Piece of Money?

Because he is a Counterfeit.

Why are Concave Glasses like Lyars?

Because they will magnify.

Why is a Dancing-Master like an Oil-Man?

Because he deals in Capers.

Why is a hilly Country like a Man who has seen
various Vicissitudes of Fortune?

Because it has many Ups and Downs.

Why have Elephants Teeth been the Ruin of many
Families?

Because Dice are made of them.

Why is a fine Lady like a Rose?

Because she will fade.

Why are the Sails of a Windmill like Parish
Watchmen?

Because they go their Rounds.

Why is a Dray-Horse like a Tapster?

Because he draws Strong Beer.

Why is an impudent Fellow like a Louse?

Because he is a troublesome Companion.

Why is an Oven like a Belfry?

Because there is often a Peal in it.

78 *A Collection of Jests, &c.*

Why is the City of London like an Hospital?

Because it has Wards in it.

How may a silly Person become wiser?

By hearing much, and speaking little.

What are the most amiable Qualifications in a fine Lady?

Good Mien, good Sense, and good Nature.

Why is a Juggler like an *Ignis Fatuus*?

Because he deceives your Sight.

Why is an Alehouse like an Organ?

Because there are many Pipes in it.

Why is a Musick-Book like a Prison?

Because it contains many Bars.

Why is a Country-Dance like a Labyrinth?

Because it has many Turnings in a small Space of Ground.

Why are Flounders like dead small Beer?

Because they are Flat.

Why is Mr. G——k like a good Jest?

Because every Person likes him.

Why is a Vintner like a Morrice-Dancer?

Because they both love to hear their Bells ring.

Why is a Corkscrew like good News?

Because it relieves the oppressed Spirits.

Why is a Pen like a bad Painter?

Because it draws many amiable Persons in false Colours.

Why is a Man in Armour like a Rhinoceros?

Because he is Pistol Proof.

Why do fantastical Ladies admire Fops?

Because they keep their Follies in Countenance.

Why is a Friend, who has been long absent, like the Spring?

Because we are glad he is come.

Why is a Bed like a Court Card?

Because

A Collection of Jests, &c. 79

Because its Head is sometimes upwards and sometimes downwards.

Why is a Clock like a quarrelsome Man?

Because it strikes without any Provocation.

A P A R A D O X.

FOUR People sat down one Evening to play ;
They play'd all that Evening, and parted next Day.

Could you believe, when I tell you, as thus they all sat,
No fifth Person play'd with 'em, nor did any one bet;
Yet when they 'rose up, they each gain'd a Guinea,
Tho' neither did lose to the Amount of a Penny,

The Answer, *Four Musicians.*

R I D D L E S.

1. **A**T two Days old, good *Latin* I speak,
Tho' for it I ne'er went to School ;
Arms I have four, which come out of my Back,
And in Yellow am dress'd like a Fool.
All Men me seek, tho' few can me get ;
When caught, I'm confin'd like a Fish in a Net.

2. **I**N Marble-Walls, as white as Milk,
Lin'd with a Skin as soft as Silk,
Within a Fountain chrystal clear,
A golden Apple does appear.
No Doors there are to this Strong-hold :
Yet Thieves break in and steal the Gold.

3. **W**HAT Force and Strength could not get
through,
I, with a gentle Touch, can do ;
And many in the Street would stand,
Were I not, as a Friend, at Hand.

H 3

4. BY

80 *A Collection of Jests, &c.*

4. **B**Y my Assistance Merchants speak,
Tho' many Seas asunder;
And yet I'm dumb, and soft, and weak,
And is not that a Wonder?

5. **I** Cannot either eat or drink;
I often speak, yet never think:
I teach Men Lessons how to die,
And very seldom tell a Lie.

6. **B**ELIEVE what I say, tho' in my own Case;
Is not either Fable or Lie;
Sleek and round, all that's witty at once I embrace;
Three-corner'd appear to your Eye.
Gold and Silver I wear, when I chuse to be fine,
With Lords and with Ladies I come;
In a Coat black as Jet I commonly shine,
Except when I travel from *Rome*.

7. **I**N a small Cell I live, that is arch'd over
Head,
Not with Stone, Brick or Plaister, Wood, Silver, or
Lead:

I am grateful to all, from the Clown to the Prince;
Yet, excepting my Feeling, I want ev'ry Sense.
Tho' sometimes in Dainties and Wealth I abound,
I'm sometimes so Poor that I lie on the Ground;
No Liquor or Food in my House to be found. }
I travel as well by the Night as by Day,
And am seldom or ever found out of my Way,
If you touch but my Door, tho' I can't see or hear,
(As already I've said) yet I know you are there:
If you tap e'er so gently, as I live all alone,
I straight make all fast, and will open to none.
For to open my Cell, when with Force you contrive,
I'm turn'd out of Doors, robb'd and buried alive.

8. Without

A Collection of Jests, &c. 81

8. **W**ithout Edge it cuts, without Tongue it
sings ;
Foams without Anger, and flies without Wings,
9. **I** More then Womens Fancies change,
Yet never leave my Post or range.
10. **N**OT all that can be sung or said,
Will aught avail without my Aid.
11. **L**EGS I have got, tho' seldom walk,
I backbite all, yet never talk.
12. **I** View the World in little Space,
Am always restless, changing Place :
No Food I eat, but by my Pow'r,
Procure what Millions do devour.

SOLUTIONS to the RIDDLES.

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| 1. A Guinea. | 7. An Oyster. |
| 2. A n Egg. | 8. Bottled Ale. |
| 3. A Key. | 9. A Weather-Cock. |
| 4. A Pen. | 10. Hearing. |
| 5. A Clock. | 11. A Flea. |
| 6. A Har. | 12. The Sun. |

R E B U S S E S.

1. **T**AKE the Half of *Ludgate*, and the contra
to high ;
And these, join'd together, will a large Town descry.
2. **T**AKE a Fifth of the North and a Fourth of
the East,
And add to these two a Fourth-Part of the West ;
Then join a large Number by Weight, which will
tell,
A wonderful Man, who in *England* did dwell.
3. **TAKE**

82 *A Collection of Jests, &c.*

3. **T**A K E Four-Sevenths of Mansion, and if
rightly I thought,
The Place where a Hare does often resort;
These put together, if rightly I guess,
A large trading Town will to you express.

4. **A** Jewel, that's rightly apply'd but by few;
And Part of a Beast, that's not lik'd by a
Jew;
These, in Order cement, a Vill' 'twill declare,
Some Distance from *London*—'tis in *Lincolnshire*.

5. **T**A K E the Half of a Passion most fervent in
Youth,
And a two-angled Letter set down;
Then a Title in *Spain*—and 'twill show you, with
Truth,
The Name of an opulent Town.

6. **A** Plant, tho' its mild, yet 'tis fragrantly
sweet;
A sudden Expression, when Sorrow we meet:
A primitive Metal, some *Jupiter* call;
A State that was forfeited by our first Fall:
Their Initial Letters cement, 'twill declare,
The Name of a Place much approv'd by the Fair.

SOLUTIONS to the REBUSSES.

- | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| 1. L Udlow. | 4. <i>Witham</i> . |
| 2. <i>Newton</i> . | 5. <i>London</i> . |
| 3. <i>Mansfield</i> . | 6. <i>Bath</i> . |

The Jesuitical Painter: Or, A Match for the Devil.

A Viçt'ler did once to a Painter repair,
To deck his old House with the Sign of a Bear;
But

A Collection of Jests, &c. 83

But to lessen Expence, thought it needless and vain
To bedeck *Bruin's* Back with a costly Gold Chain :
But the Knave so untemper'd his Colours did lay,
That the first Show'r of Rain wash'd his Tints quite
away.

My Landlord swore loud at the Man of the Brush,
That his Daubing deserv'd not the Skin of a Rush.

" Why, Friend," cry'd the Artist (a Master in
Cunning)

" Can a *Bear without Chains* be prevented from
" running ?

" You blame without Reason, all thoughtless and
" warm,

" Tho' your *Bear* has escap'd, here's no Matter of
" Harm."

" No Harm," quoth mine Host, " what to see, a
" Pox on it,

" A plain dangling Board, with no Picture upon it ?"

" Tush, tush," quoth arch Dry-Brush, " rave on
" 'till you burst,

" 'Tis as good, I'll aver, as when hung up at first :

" 'Tis true there's no Picture, what then ? ne'er
" repine :

" For your *Sign of a Bear* —— you have here a
bare Sign."

An EPIGRAM.

ONE Day *Gloe* ask'd me to tell her a Lie ;
I vow'd she was handsome, what had I to
fear ?

Civility urg'd me to make a Reply,

Tho' *Gloe* seem'd angry her Praises to hear :

Yet, sure, 'tis no Reason her Anger to raise,

When Falshood conspires her Beauty to praise.

An

84 *A Collection of Jests, &c.*

An EPIGRAM.

A Ragged Prigg extoll'd himself,
As born of Men of Note :
Cries *Blunt*, " You've got a Coat of Arms,
" But no Arms to your Coat.

In Grantham Church-Yard.

JOH*N* *Palfryman*, who lyeth here,
Was aged twenty and four Year ;
And in this Place his Mother lies :
Also his Father, when he dies.

On WIT.

TTRUE Wit is like the brilliant Stone,
Dug from the *Indian Mine* ;
Which boasts two various Pow'rs one,
To cut as well as shine.
Genius like that, if polish'd right,
With the same Gift abounds ;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds.

On an old SCOLD.

SCYLLA is toothless, yet when she was young,
She had both Teeth enough, and too much Tongue ;
What shall we then of toothless *Scylla* say ?
But that her Tongue has worn her Teeth away.

The UNINTELLIGIBLE.

'TIS now six Months I've wore your Chain ;
Prithee descend thus low ;
And tell me, love me you again ?
" Love you ? why, no—yes—no."

A Collection of Jests, &c. 85

So fickle, *Poll*, I hate to see you;
Answer me, fickle *Fair*;
Am In or out of Favour with you?
“Why, no—yes—yes—you are.”

On an empty COXCOMB.

YOU beat your Pate, and fancy Wit will come;
Knock as you please, there's Nobody at Home.

The FOUR SEASONS.

S P R I N G.

COME, gentle *Muse*! thy ready Visit pay
To *Flora*, and the laughing Month of *May*;
Wander Abroad among the *Groves* and *Bowers*,
Lurk in the *Shade*, or revel 'mongst the *Flowers*:
Nature smiles round, the *Birds* begin to sing;
and, ev'ry one proclaims——this shall be *Spring*.
Thus shall the *Muse* proclaim with real Truth,
Spring is the flow'ry Holiday of *Youth*.

S U M M E R.

Now *Sol* begins with Heat intense to glow,
And thirsty Plains his powerful Influence shew;
Brown waves the Corn the furrow'd Glebe along,
While the tan'd *Peasant* chaunts his homeborn Song;
Or to his *Phillis* points with lively Chear,
To view the rip'ning Harvest of the Year.
My *Muse*, her moral Meaning to pursue,
Says, this is ripening *Manhood* that you view.

A U T U M N.

Now to the *Vineyard* haste, and view the *Vines*,
Where the ripe Grape in all its Lustre shines:
Comona's Treasures, all display'd to Sight,
Fills every Mind with infinite Delight;

Th

86 *A Collection of Jests, &c*

The *Sheafs* are bound, while *Rapture* waits the *Spring*,
And *Autumn* fills with Joy kind *Plenty's* morn;
Yet if this Season we but rightly span,
Then *Autumn* is the very Prime of *M*.

W I N T E R.

Rough *Boreas* now takes up his Turn:
And *Frost* and *Snow* have spangled o'er the Plain,
The *Peasants*, that at *Autumn's* Har-
Quick lift the *Flail*, to get a kindly
Close to the blazing *Hearth* at *Night*.
While the *Wind* whistles round the Cloud.

Here we shall end of *Man* the *Pilgrimage*,
For *Winter* is grey *Hairs* and hoary *Age*.

On a *LADY*, wearing artificial *Teeth*.

THAI*S*, her *Teeth* are black and nought;
Lucania's white are grown;
But what's the Reason? These are bought,
The other wears her own.

On a *Man*, who killed himself with eating *Cards*.

Written by his Wife.

HERE lies a *Man*, who lost his *Breath*,
By eating *Cards*! — Oh! cruel *Death*!
Had he been rul'd by *Betty* his *Wife*,
He might have liv'd all the *Days* of his *Life*.

W On a *Painter's* bringing home a *Sign* of a *Head* to
Citizen.

LORD! (cries the *Cit*) the *Painter's* mad:
I saw a *Cross*, and not a *Head*:
A *Cross*! — *Down* (says he) you find,
The greatest *Head* could be made:
Tie it, for, Sir, upon my *Life*,
I know no greater than my *Wife*.

F I N I S.



